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THE BYSTANDER

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The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 35.—Vol. III. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 3, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.]

Photo by *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

Miss Vera Longden

A young actress who made a very favourable impression in "Warp and Woof," and will appear next week as Alice in "Sherlock Holmes," at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith

No. 35.—Vol. III.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste paper basket.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

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BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

August 3, 1904

"Patriotism," wrote Grant Allen, who was a philosopher of no mean order, "patriotism is a vulgar vice." Dr. Johnson, whose knowledge of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world was fairly sound, held a not dissimilar opinion of it. "Patriotism," he exclaimed, in his pedantic manner, "is the last refuge of scoundrels!" Strong words these from a Tory of the old school.

Whether the travelled reader will agree with Dr. Johnson and Grant Allen, or not, I will not venture to hazard, but, in a certain measure, it is impossible for the man or woman who has studied humanity in other climes than our own not to feel some agreement with these bold declarations. To-day we are expected to accept our ideas of patriotism from the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Daily Mail*, which certainly hold quite different views to Grant Allen.

Well, and what is patriotism? I can conceive that patriotism may rise to the greatest heights of heroism of which mankind is capable; is able to offer sacrifices and self-denials of such magnitude that the recital of them is sufficient to cause the coldest nature to feel a thrill. Patriotism, indeed, of the genuine order is a glorious asset to a nation, but unfortunately what generally passes in these days for patriotism is of far baser metal. The word, which should have almost a divine significance, is bandied about in the booths of politics, and utilised as describing the policy of one party as against the other. This is not patriotism, nor has it the remotest connection with that noble sentiment.

I found this letter the other evening in a contemporary, and venture to republish it. The writer would, no doubt, be most aggrieved were he to be told that so far from showing patriotism this letter gives every evidence of spurious Jingoism; yet it is so:

SIR,—Is England showing signs of senile decay? Time was when such a dastardly outrage as the "*Malacca* Incident" would, without any bother, have been settled on the principle that it is folly to parley with a ruffian who has insulted you. Knock him down at once. In days gone by, when England was only England, word would instantly have been sent to the fleet to recover the *Malacca*, capture the pirates, and send them in chains to London to be tried. But now that England is a mighty Empire, we accept with meekness an insult such as we have never had before, and, while fussily trying to mitigate the sting, allow the aggressor—who has jumped over the back-garden wall to perpetrate this crime—to back out at the front door with his finger to his nose.

DISGUSTED ENGLISHMAN.

Were we to have seized the *Malacca*, as suggested by this irate gentleman, not only should we have placed ourselves immediately in the wrong, but we should have unloosed the dogs of war. In a word, the blood of thousands would have been sacrificed simply because men of the stamp of "Disgusted Englishman" suffer from *amour-propre*.

Of course, ignorance is the reason of most of the "patriotic outbursts" one sees and hears on occasions such as the present. These would-be patriots are necessarily ignorant, and one generally finds that they have little desire to learn facts, preferring to form their opinions quite apart from the merits of the case. The best cure for perfervid patriotism of this nature is to travel abroad:

"Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits,"

says Shakespeare, who might have added that with age comes obstinacy. The visitor to America hears her citizens bragging that American soldiers and sailors are the best in the world; that, in fact, everything American is the best. He will find in France the popular belief that her soldiers are the bravest in the universe; in Italy, that the contadini are the pluckiest of all men; in Holland, that their country is superior to all others; and so on, *ad nauseam*.

This kind of thing immediately clashes with the Englishman's beliefs. At first he is disgusted and contemptuous, but then he gradually becomes amused as he sees his own foibles reproduced in others. Free intercourse with other nations is the best cure for spurious patriotism, for the traveller gradually learns to make allowances for others. Genuine patriotism will never be wanting so long as this country has free institutions, but the aggressive and over-bearing patriotism, which is in reality but *amour-propre*, is a vice that is quite curable. Its possession makes us unpopular abroad and does no good to anyone.

WHAT A SUBSCRIBER IN YOKOHAMA WRITES:

"I have been so glad to see at various friends' houses in Yokohama copies of 'The Bystander.' It is a very popular paper out here, as it touches in such an interesting manner on general topics of concern to people compelled to live abroad, and is so beautifully got up."

The Bystander in Parliament

My hon. friend, Mr. Henry Broadhurst, a man of simple tastes and of reputable life, has been asking the Prime Minister

> whether he will consider and propose such amendments to the Rules of the House as will enable it to adjourn not later than eleven of the clock at night.

This would bring the mother of Parliaments into line with the public-houses in our chief provincial centres, and would give hon. gentlemen a chance of reaching home before midnight.

The question naturally arises—Would the members go home when so released? I maintain that all members are really bound by an honourable understanding to go home directly the House rises, for the question is put to them by the police—"who goes home?" Now the member who hears that inquiry, and walks away without giving any answer, really agrees with its suggestion by silent acquiescence. He has no right to indulge in the soft delights of a supper at the Savoy. Under the present arrangement he has few opportunities of sampling such vanities, but what would happen if the House adjourned at eleven of the clock at night is more than I can say.

It seems to me that some system of seeing members home should be established, the Whips' messengers, or some other body of trustworthy men, being entrusted with this delicate duty. Groups of members could be marched along, even as girls' schools are seen taking an airing, and any wayward stragglers should have their conduct reported to the Speaker. Obviously, the health of the members is a national possession, and the whole country has an interest in knowing that the hon. gentlemen are tucked up and asleep before twelve of the clock at night. Perhaps Mr. Broadhurst will add this to his other reasonable proposal.

There was a time when the House met at six in the morning and all business was over by eleven—just twelve hours earlier than the time mentioned by the member for Leicester. When gradually the members grew lazy and made their hour of meeting eight of the clock in the forenoon, many sound old constitutionalists groaned aloud over the decadence of the race. Charles II. was a notorious trifler, and his enervating influence on national life was seen in the fact that in his reign the House met as late as nine in the morning, and the sad, dissipated dogs did not adjourn until four in the afternoon!

"*Facilis descensus Averni*," as Virgil observed, and the historian has placed on record the melancholy fact that:

> At a later period, ten o'clock in the morning was the ordinary time of meeting; and the practice of nominally adjourning the House until that hour continued until 1806, though so early a meeting had long been discontinued.

Here we see another downward step—procrastination had led to untruthfulness. They pretended to meet at ten of the clock; very likely good people in the country thought that this wholesome hour was still observed, but the degenerate Commons were living a double life, and were hiding a hideous secret.

In 1759 poor Mr. Speaker Onslow publicly lamented the conduct of the House in this respect. In referring to the late hour of commencing Parliamentary proceedings, he said:

> This is shamefully grown of late, even to two of the clock. I have done all in my power to prevent it, and it has been one of the griefs and burdens of my life.

George III. was also much disturbed by the shocking habits of the dilatory House. He was up with the lark, and more than once he rebuked the members of his faithful Commons, but, alas! they refused to hearken to his good counsels, for they found that the later hours "suited their pleasure, exercise, or other private avocations."

This same Speaker Onslow had occasion to mourn over "the almost constant adjournment over Saturdays, which is a great delay of business and of the sessions." This custom was, it seems, brought about by Sir Robert Walpole for the sake of his hunting, "and now," adds the melancholy Onslow, "everybody is for it." From this it seems that Mr. Balfour, in his passion for week-end diversions, is following in the footsteps of that sporting statesman, Sir Robert Walpole.

It is to be feared that Walpole was not exactly what would be called "a nice man" in the present day. The historian mentions

> the evil example of his private life; his utter contempt of decorum; the proverbial grossness of his conversation and the periodical debaucheries at Houghton.

All this and much more have probably been overlooked by his parliamentary successors, because of his action in abolishing Saturday sittings. For a Saturday sitting is an abomination to all men—Government, Opposition, officials, police, and Press.

I wonder if my worthy friend, Mr. Henry Broadhurst, will have the courage to propose a return to the sound old ways of the past, and to a meeting at six of the clock in the morning. It would be a heroic policy, but, I fear, too heroic for men who find it difficult to get back to the House from dinner at nine o'clock at night. Who could be passionate in the cold hours that accompany the dawn? A peroration before breakfast seems like a contradiction in terms. Yet if Mr. Broadhurst, or anyone else, is anxious to lop off an hour at one end, he must be prepared to add something at the other.

S. L. H.

The Topictator

THE END OF THE SEASON.

SHE "THANK HEAVEN!"
HE "NOW FOR SCOTLAND."

THE IRISH NATIONALISTS THREATEN —AMONG OTHER THINGS—TO KEEP AWAY FROM THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. THERE IS SOME DOUBT AS TO THE TRUTH OF A REPORT THAT MR SPEAKER GULLY IS MUCH DISTRESSED AT THE NEWS.

THE BEAR "THAT YOURS? BEG YOUR PARDON —FACT IS I'M SUFFERING FROM SUNSTROKE"

REPORT FROM BISLEY JULY 23.
"THE CAMP IS SUFFERING FROM PERRY-PERRY"
(IT'S THE HEAT. ED. BYSTANDER)

BANK HOLIDAY. MARGATE.
SMALL BOY (IN AWED VOICE)
"HOO-O-O! LOOK!
C.B.FRY!!"

F.G.

Without Apology

Mr. Brodrick, being asked to speak at an Oddfellows' dinner the other night, declined.

Will even the most pronounced Pro-Lama now say, as has been said by some opponents of Mr. Brodrick's Tibet policy, that the Secretary for India is a man without mercy?

Mr. Chamberlain visited a Rochester cement factory last week. Inquiries at the offices of the Tariff Reform League have elicited the information that the visit had no political significance whatever. Mr. Chamberlain's following is, we are told, quite capable of sticking together without adventitious aids.

From the *Evening News*:

BOSCOMBE, Bournemouth.—Liberal holiday arrangements; board-residence 25*s.* weekly, inclusive; reduction for number; pier, trams, gardens, 3 min.

But why *Liberal* holiday arrangements?

We should have thought that Bournemouth, as a seaside resort, would rather have attracted a certain other Party, notorious for its dislike of going to the country.

The War Office has ordained that British soldiers in India suffering from defective sight are to be provided with spectacles. What a rare self-forgetfulness is here! Pall Mall, its benevolent instincts aroused, thinks only of the soldier; and yet what more shortsighted than itself!

We presume that the War Office will be its own optician. If so, there should be no difficulty. During the late war it proved itself an adept at making a spectacle of itself.

Some time ago the *Daily Mail* began a practice of publishing, in addition to the regular *feuilleton*, special fiction supplements. The practice, as we regretted to note, latterly died out. We are glad to see, however, that the fiction supplements have now been revived; the *Mail* has begun a series under the heading:

OUR DYING STEEL TRADE.

Dowie has taken to producing rain in Zion City. His London visit only ended in a frost.

Hidden bicycles and hidden seaside pebbles are the latest forms of journalistic generosity. Certain dailies are now rumoured to be hiding their circulations.

The heat-wave has rather flustered our politicians, and indifference is the keynote of the Radicals, though the Transvaal Government still takes things coolie.

A financial weekly is enquiring, "When ought a man to retire?" Ask Kuropatkin.

War à la Maeterl nck

[*M. Maeterlinck has suggested that fists are more suitable weapons than rifles for civilised warfare.*]

If in future you are called upon to fight against the foe,
If you'd show yourself your country's worthy scion,
If your duty it should be to let the base invader know
That he still has cause to fear the British Lion,
Remember, I entreat, that M. Maeterlinck has said
That, though to thrash the foe should make you prouder,
It is really most contemptible to shoot him through the head
Or to blow him up with dynamite or powder.

The lust for blood undoubtedly of barbarism smacks,
And killing but a savage's resource is.
The modern military man puts up his fists and blacks
The eyes of his opponents' serried forces.
And the modern leader scorns, of course, such adventitious aids
As rifles, guns, and armour-plated cruisers.
He pins his faith instead upon those highly trained brigades,
The Battersea and Upper Brixton Bruisers.

When next we go to war perhaps we'll read, with pride aglow,
That the French style for the English style no match is,
That the Sudbury Spring Chicken has received the D.S.O.,
And that Hoxton Jem was mentioned in dispatches;
That after scarcely fifty rounds the foe was forced to yield,
Which our superiority discloses,
That, while they left at least three thousand teeth upon the field,
We only lost a hundred broken noses.

In protesting against the proposed theatre, a Wandsworth councillor said, "If the posters are so offensive, what must the reality be?" Disillusion is a thankless task; but the reality is, usually, some degrees less lurid. A Wandsworth theatre would do moral work in dispelling the roseate ideals raised by truthless posters.

The New York correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* announces that the authorities at Manhattan Beach, while encouraging mixed bathing, have forbidden the wearing of white bathing suits to both sexes. Jerseys and other garments must be coloured. Staid folk are wondering which will prove the "faster"—the colours or the people who wear them.

Four prospective brides, travelling from Europe to New York at the £2 rate, were detained at Ellis Island, and informed that they must be married before disembarking on the mainland. An hour later their *fiancés* arrived, and the nuptial ceremony was duly performed on deck. The American authorities apparently believe that matrimony is the severest test which they can impose on would-be citizens anxious to declare their faith in the Union.

The Completion and Opening of Armagh Cathedral

Representatives of the Catholic world assembled in force at the opening of the National Cathedral of Ireland, at Armagh, on the decoration of which four years of uninterrupted work have been put in, the cost being estimated at £70,000. For the consecration ceremony, which puts the finishing touch to the work of sixty-four years (the building of the Cathedral having been started on St. Patrick's Day, 1840), the Pope sent Cardinal Vannutelli as his legate. Besides the Cardinal and officials of the Vatican pictured in the group below, there were present the Primate of Ireland, the Archbishop of Westminster, Bishop of Portsmouth, Archbishop of Glasgow, Bishop of Kimberley, Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, and many other dignitaries of the Irish Church. Among the laity were the Duke of Norfolk and several Irish members of Parliament, including their leader, Mr. John Redmond.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P.

The autocrat of the Irish Party, in whatever assembly he finds himself, has a way of leaving his mark upon the occasion. At the opening ceremony of Armagh Cathedral, indeed, he was no more prominent than other distinguished members of the Catholic laity. At the banquet given to Cardinal Vannutelli, after the ceremony, however,

Photo by *Lafayette*

Cardinal Vannutelli and his Suite who were present at the opening of the National Cathedral of Ireland at Armagh

His Eminence is seen seated. His suite from left to right are Monsignor Ciocci, M. Benadini (Private Secretary), Marquis MacSweeny (Private Chamberlain to the Pope), Mr. Francis Machutt (Permanent Chamberlain to the Vatican)

Mr. Redmond was able to get in one of those conscientious protests which, like other little matters, often go a long way. News of the coupling of the King's health with that of the Pope had a serious effect on the Irish leader's itinerary, causing him to leave Armagh by the first available train. Another picturesque incident of a more humorous nature is associated with Mr. Redmond's name. What part he has taken in drawing out the new programme of the Irish National Society, at present we know not, but the hatching of this new political plot is one worthy of his talents. The "general idea" of the manœuvres is that Nationalist members should be chosen in inverse ratio to their propensity and desire for appearing at St. Stephen's. Particularisation would rob the joke of its point. We would draw attention, however, to one probable outcome of the new move which has been seized upon by the alert Topictator (see p. 485) namely, the distress it would occasion Mr. Speaker Gully.

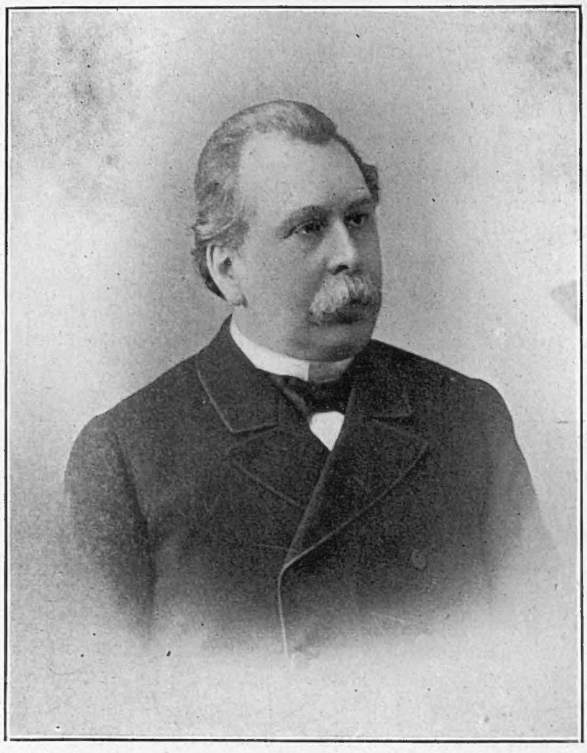


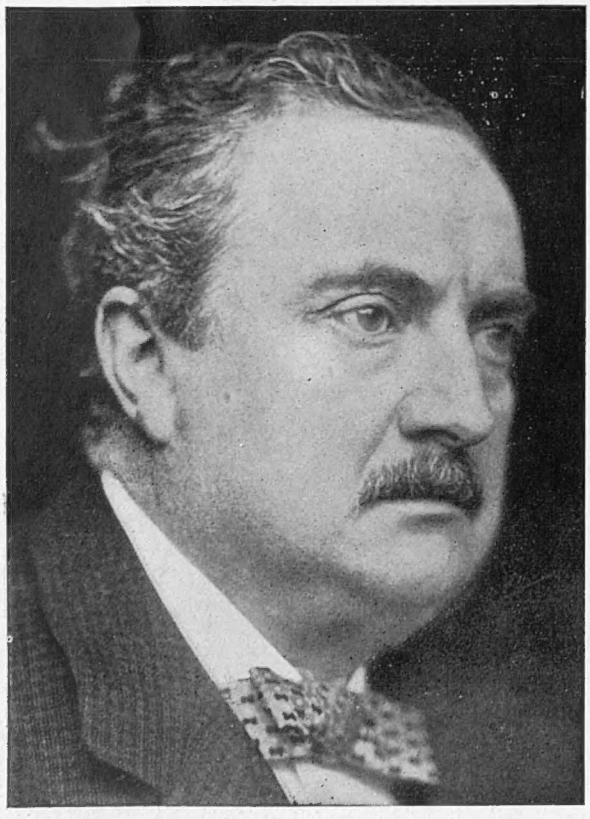
Photo by *D. S. Zdobnoff, St. Petersburg*

M. de Plehve, Russian Minister of the Interior, who was assassinated in St. Petersburg last Thursday

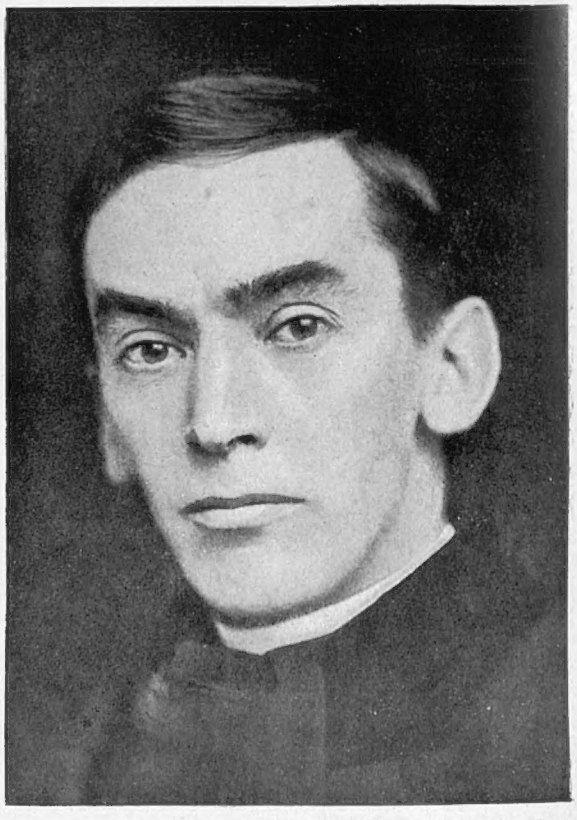
As M. de Plehve was being driven to the railway station a bomb was thrown under his carriage. Besides the Minister and his coachman, several spectators were killed, while such was the terrific force of the explosion, that the windows of the station were smashed, a bridge was damaged, and the pavement torn up

Canon Hensley Henson

Canon Hensley Henson, Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, is at the present moment a much-discussed man. In the opinion of most of his brethren he has given foothold to the enemy by his ruthless exposure of the weak places in the doctrines of the Church, and by tearing asunder the veil of mystery and veneration in which religion loves to wrap itself. His latest book, "The Value of the Bible and other Sermons" has given rise to heated controversy in clerical circles. It is merely a publication of a number of sermons preached within the last two years, and its deepest heresy, according to Churchmen, is its denial of the miraculous nature of the Resurrection. In the opinion of many of them its author is scarcely worthy to retain his priestly robes, while others only see in it the thoughtful views of a mind eager for the



Photos by] **Mr. John Redmond, M.P.**



Canon Hensley Henson *[Beresford*

Photo by **The King of Denmark** *Russell*

The oldest among reigning European Sovereigns, who, despite his eighty-six years, has just returned to Copenhagen in the best of health

truth. Personally, Canon Henson is a small man, with a refined and intellectual face. He has held his present position since 1900, and, previous to that, was for some years chaplain to the Bishop of St. Albans. He never underwent the discipline of a public school, but was educated privately before he went to Oxford. As rector of St. Margaret's and Canon of Westminster, he has assisted at a number of fashionable weddings this year. His favourite recreation, like the Bishop of London's, is cycling.

The King of Denmark

That fine old man and thorough gentleman, the King of Denmark, has returned from his annual cure. Though Sovereign of the most democratic country in Europe, no one can better play the autocrat, and his subjects look upon him rather as the spoilt child of the nation, whose whims it is a pleasure to indulge. Everyone—high and low—adores him, and it is recorded how a knot of Socialists, gathered in the street, begged his advice as he passed on one of his customary walks through

Copenhagen, and listened to it with profound attention, though whether they profited thereby is another matter. Born three years after Waterloo, King Christian IX. is now in his eighty-seventh year, and on his return to Copenhagen recently was in the best of health.

Lady Camden

Lady Camden is one of the prettiest of the young married women in London. She is the daughter of Lord and Lady Henry Nevill, and the granddaughter of Lord Abergavenny. Lady Camden has one little son, John, Lord Brecknock, and though she is always in town during the season, she infinitely prefers her charming country home, at Bayham Abbey, Lamberhurst, one of the finest places in Sussex. Yachting is also one of her chief pleasures, and she left town comparatively early last season, long before the gaieties were over, to join her husband on a long yachting tour.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

The Marchioness of Camden

Miss Lewes

A lady competitor who attracted a deal of attention at Bisley

Miss Vera Longden

The pretty young actress, Miss Vera Longden who forms the subject of our Frontispiece, will be remembered for her successful and infinitely pathetic impersonation of Phœbe, one of the work-girls in *Warp and Woof*. She is an Australian by birth, only nineteen years old, and her experience of the stage has necessarily been brief. The great charm about her acting is its perfect naturalness, and the quickness—unusual in so young a girl—with which she grasps all the possibilities of her part and throws herself into it heart and soul. On Monday, August 8, she will appear as Alice in *Sherlock Holmes* at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, a part which she has already played most successfully in the provinces.

Miss Florence Lewes

Miss Florence Lewes, of Staines, the young lady who has lately distinguished herself by her shooting prowess at Bisley, where she attained the score of 32 out of a possible 35 at 200 yards' distance, scarcely fulfils, in appearance, the popular idea of the lady athlete. Her face—possessed of the charm of good health and happiness—is typically feminine in its beauty, and her figure, though tall, is singularly graceful. Miss Lewes has evidently no doubts about her *raison d'être*, and does not feel herself one of the superfluous million. At Bisley, what one specially noticed about her was her absence of self-consciousness. She did not take her place with the air of undue importance which marks so

Photo by *Dupont*

Mrs. Howard Gould

One of the most prominent members of New York's "400"

many of her sex when they find themselves in unusual surroundings; her manner was perfectly serious, and she shot with the precision and steady hand of an adept. Her costume was remarkably workmanlike, consisting of a brown Norfolk jacket, with leather elbow patches, and a white cap, fitting closely to the head. Miss Lewes is no novice, and had previously won nine spoons at the weekly matches at the Staines ranges. She first learnt the use of the rifle as a preparation for a departure to Canada, whither she hopes to go in the autumn. Her tutor was Private Gray, of the London Scottish, whose kindness and patience with his pupils she is never tired of extolling.

Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty

There is no more charming personality in London Society than Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty, sometime York Herald of the College of Arms and lately appointed Garter King of Arms. He was born somewhere in the late forties, and is the second son of the late Rev. Alfred Gatty, and of Margaret, daughter and heiress of the Rev. Alexander Scott, who, by the way, was once private secretary to Lord Nelson. Twelve years ago, Alfred Gatty, as he then was, assumed the additional surname of Scott. His love of music and poetry is well-known; he very early took the deepest interest in his mother's literary work, and to her training owes much of his cultivated taste. He has written more songs than could be enumerated; his volume of "Musical Plays for Children," "Little Songs for Little Voices," and "Rumpelstiltskin" are known to every child in the land. He married, in 1874, Elizabeth, daughter of John Foster, of Newhall Grange, Yorkshire. Sir Alfred and Lady Scott-Gatty are quite the youngest looking of grand parents. Sir Alfred is a brilliant conversationalist, and has a most delightful sense of humour.

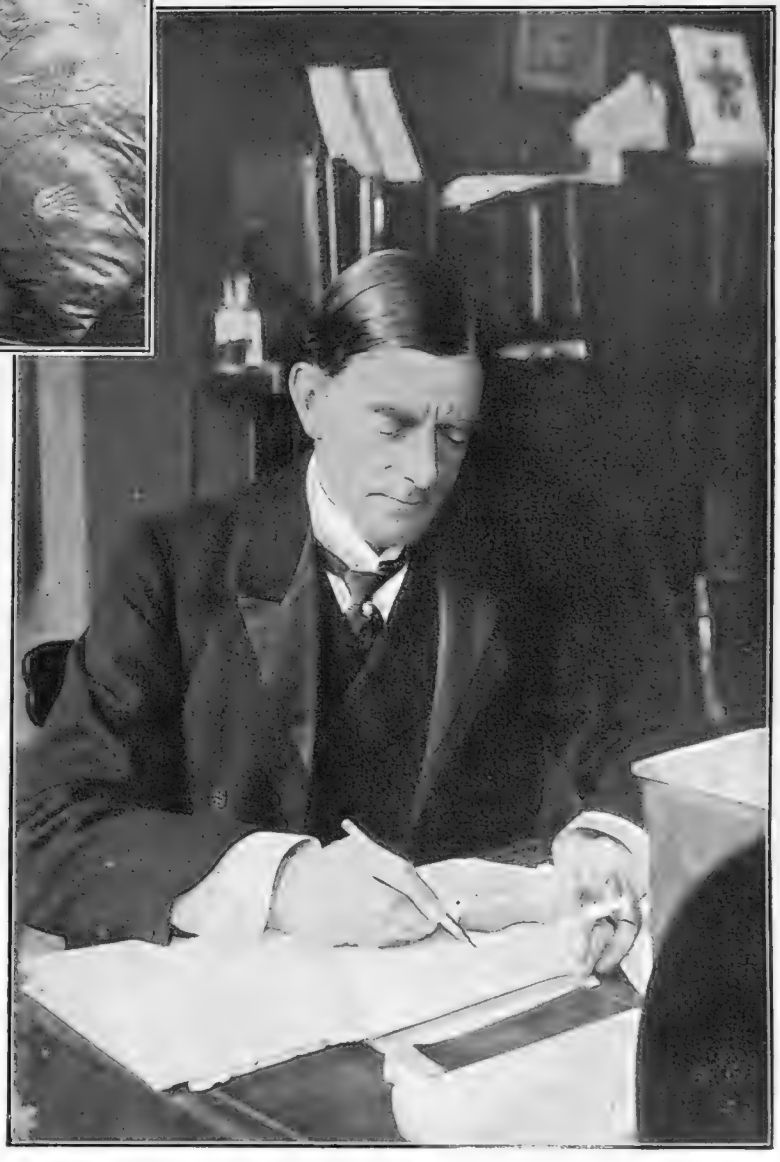


Photo by *Filkington*

Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty

The well-known composer who was recently appointed Garter King of Arms

Coward Adam*

By MARIE CORELLI

Among the numerous fascinating and delightful members of the male sex whom I have the honour to count as friends, there is one very handsome and devotedly attentive gentleman of four years old, who is particularly fond of reciting to me in private the following striking poem on the Fall of Man.

"When Mister Sarpint did deceive
Poor little silly Missis Eve,
The Lord he spied an apple gone
From off the branch it hanged upon;
That apple was a heavy loss,
And so the Lord got very cross,
He searched the garden through and through,
And called 'Hi Adam! Where are you?'
But Mister Adam, he,
Clum up a tree."

There is something in this graphic narrative which appears to tickle my young cavalier's fancy immensely, for whenever he says 'Mister Adam, he, Clum up a tree,' he opens his big blue eyes very widely, claps his tiny hands very loudly, and gives vent to ecstatic shrieks of laughter. It is quite evident that he entirely understands and appreciates Adam's position. Young as he is, he has the instinctive knowledge within him that when the time comes, he will likewise adopt the 'Clum up a tree' policy. For Adam is the same Adam still, and nothing will ever change him. And when things are getting rather 'mixed' in his career, and the forbidden fruit he has so readily devoured turns out to be rather more sour and tasteless than he had anticipated,—when his Garden of Eden is being searched through and through for the causes of the folly and disobedience which have devastated its original fairness, the same old story may be said of him—'Mister Adam, he, Clum up a tree'. Perhaps if he only climbed a tree one might excuse him,—but unfortunately he talks while climbing,—talks as though he were an old babbling grandam instead of a lord of creation,—and grandam like puts the blame on somebody else. He says—"The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat." Coward Adam! Observe how he at once transfers the fault of his own lack of will and purpose to the weaker, more credulous, more loving and trusting partner;—how he leaves her defenceless to brave the wrath which he himself dreads,—and how he never for one half second dreams of admitting himself to be the least in the wrong! But there is always one great satisfaction to be derived from the perusal of the strange old Eden story, and this is that 'Mister Sarpint' was of the male gender. Scripture leaves no room for doubt on this point. It says: "Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And *he* said unto the woman——" So that a 'he' tempted a woman before 'she' ever tempted a 'he'. Women should be duly thankful for the sex of 'Mister Sarpint', and should also bear in mind that this particular 'he' was 'more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made'. On many an occasion it will be found a salutary and useful fact to remember.

Once upon a time, so we are told, there was an Age of Chivalry. The word 'chivalry' is stated in the dictionary to be derived from the French 'cheval' a horse, and 'chivalrous' men were, in the literal meaning of the term, merely men who rode about on horseback. But chivalry has somehow come to imply respect, devotion, and reverence for women. The 'chivalrous' knight is supposed to have gone all over the world, wearing the glove or the ribbon of his 'ladye faire', in his helmet, and challenging to single combat every other knight that dared to question the supremacy of her beauty and virtue. I confess at once that I do not believe in him. If he ever existed he must have been a most unnatural and abnormal product of humanity, as unlike his first progenitor Adam, as he could well be. For even in the 'Round Table' romances, one finds an entire lack of chivalry in the so-called chivalrous knights of King Arthur. Their moral principles left much to be desired, and the conduct of Sir Meliagraunce who betrayed the loves of Lancelot and the Queen was merely that of a common sneak. Coward Adam spoke in him, as in many of the Arthurian heroes,—and that they were more 'chivalrous' than the modern male gossips who jeer away a woman's name and honour in their smoking and gaming rooms, is a legend which, like that of the Tree of Good and Evil itself, requires stronger confirmation than history as yet witnesseth.

Coward Adam, taking him as he appears in the present day, has lately shown himself off in various odd phases and lamentable positions. During the South African War, he came out strong in some of our generals who put the blame of certain military mishaps on one another like quarrelsome children, thereby losing dignity, and offering a most humiliating spectacle to the amazed British public. Coward Adam's policy, after making a blunder, is to adopt any lie, rather than say frankly and boldly—"I did it!" He will eat dirt by the bushel in preference to the nobler starvation act of singly facing his foes. He is just now exhibiting himself to his usual advantage in the British Parliament, while the nation looks on, waiting for the inevitable finale of his various hesitations and inefficiencies—the 'Mister Adam, he, Clum up a tree.' For in most matters of social, political, and moral progress the great difficulty is to obtain an upright, downright,

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honest and impartial opinion from any leading public man. The nation may be drifting devil-wards, but statesmen are judged to be more statesmanlike, if they hold their tongues and watch it go. They must not speak the truth. It would offend so many people. It would upset so many interests. It would create a panic on the Stock Exchange. It would throw Wall Street into hysterics. The world's vast public, composed of thinking working, and more or less educated and intelligent people, may and do crave for a bold utterance, a truth openly enunciated and bravely maintained, but to the weavers of political intrigue and the self-seeking schemers in Governmental departments, the public is considered merely as a Big Child, to be soothed with lollipop phrases and tickled by rattle promises. If the Big Child cries and screams because it is hungry, they chirp to it about Fair Trade,—if it complains that its ministers of religion are trying to make it say its prayers backwards, they promise a full "enquiry into recent abuses in the Church." But fine words butter no parsnips. Coward Adam always climbs up a tree as quickly as he can when instead of fine words, fine deeds are demanded. Physical feats of skill, physical gymnastics of all kinds he excels in, but a moral difficulty always places him as it did in the Garden of Eden, in what he would conventionally term 'an awkward position'.

'Never kiss and tell' is I believe an "unwritten law of chivalry." This law, so I understand, Coward Adam does sometimes manage to obey, albeit reluctantly. Because he would like to tell,—he would very much like to tell,—if—if the story of the kiss did not involve himself in the telling! But at this juncture 'the unwritten laws of chivalry' step in and he is saved. And chivalry is the tree up which he climbs, chattering to himself the usual formula—"The woman whom thou gavest to be with me,"—etcetera, etcetera. Alas, poor woman! She has heard him saying this ever since she, in an unselfish desire to share her food with him, gave him the forbidden apple. No doubt she offered him its rosiest and ripest side! She always does,—at first. Not afterwards! As soon as he turns traitor and runs up a tree, she takes to pelting him, metaphorically speaking, with cocoa-nuts. This is quite natural on her part. She *had* thought him a man,—and when he suddenly changes into a monkey, she doesn't understand it. To this cause may possibly be attributed some of the ructions which occasionally jar the harmonious estate of matrimony.

Coward Adam does very well in America. He sees his position there quite plainly. He knows that if he climbs his tree too often, hundreds of feminine hands will pull him down. So he resigns himself to the inevitable. He is not slow to repeat the customary whine—'The woman whom thou gavest me'—but he says it quietly to himself betweenwhiles. Because he knows that *she* knows all his share in the mischief! So he digs and delves, and finds gold and silver and limitless oil wherewith to turn into millions of dollars for her pleasure; he packs pork, lays railway tracks, starts companies, organises 'combines'—and strains every nerve and sinew to 'do' every other Adam save himself in his own particular line of business, so that 'the woman (or may we say the women?) whom thou gavest' may be clothed in Paris model gowns, and wear jewels out-rivalling in size and lustre those of all the kings and queens that ever made their sad and stately progress through history. Indeed, Coward Adam, in the position he occupies as a free citizen of that mighty Republic over which the wild eagle screams exultingly, looks a little bit like a beaten animal. But he bears his beating well, and is quite pleasant about it. In regard to 'the woman whom thou gavest me' he is nearer the imaginary code of 'chivalry' than his European brother. If the original Adam had learned the ways of a modern American gentleman of good education and fine manners, one can quite imagine him saying—"The woman whom thou gavest to be with me generously offered me a share of the apple, and I did eat. But the Serpent whom thou didst permit to tell lies to my amiable partner concerning this special kind of fruit, was chiefly to blame."

Coward Adam, as he is seen and known among the lower classes, crops up every day in newspapers, which duly chronicle his various acts, such as promising marriage to poor working girls and robbing them of all their little savings, as well as of their good names,—kicking his wife, starving his children, and spending every penny he earns in the public-house. But he is just as frequently met with in the houses of the Upper Ten. He will wear the garb of a lord with ease, and, entering the house of another lord, will cozen his host's wife away from loyalty to her husband in quite the manner 'friendly.' He is likewise to be found occasionally in the walks of literature, and where a woman is concerned in matters artistic will 'down' her if he can. He has always done his best to hinder woman from receiving any acknowledgment for superior intellectual ability. Notably one may quote the case of Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium. Coward Adam says she discovered it by 'a fluke'—that is to say, by chance. Most great discoveries occur, even to men, in the same way. In the present instance the 'chance' came to a woman. Why should she not therefore have all the honour due to her?—the same honour precisely as would fall to the lot of a man in her place? Columns upon columns of praise would be bestowed upon her were she of Adam's sex, and all the academies of science would contend with each other as to which should offer her the best and most distinctive award. But Coward Adam cannot abide the thought that 'the woman whom thou gavest' should take an occasionally higher rank than his own among the geniuses of his age. He must have everything or nothing. He tries to ignore the fact that woman is winning equal honours with himself in University degrees; he would fain forget that the two greatest monarchs Great Britain ever had were women—Elizabeth and Victoria. There is a brave Adam, of course—a civilized creature, who owns and admits the brilliant achievements of woman with pride and tenderness,—I am only just now speaking of the coward specimen. The brave Adam does not turn tail or climb trees, and he appears to have had nothing to do with the Garden of Eden. Very likely he was born somewhere else. For *he* says—'The

woman whom thou gavest to be with me is the joy of my life,—the companion of my thoughts. To her my soul turns,—for her my heart beats—in her I rejoice,—her triumphs are my pride,—her success is my delight! If danger threatens her, I will be her defender, not her accuser,—should she be blamed for aught, I will take her fault upon myself, and will serve as a strong shield between her and calumny. This is the least I can do to prove my love towards her—for without her I should be the worst of creatures,—a lonely soul in an empty world!'

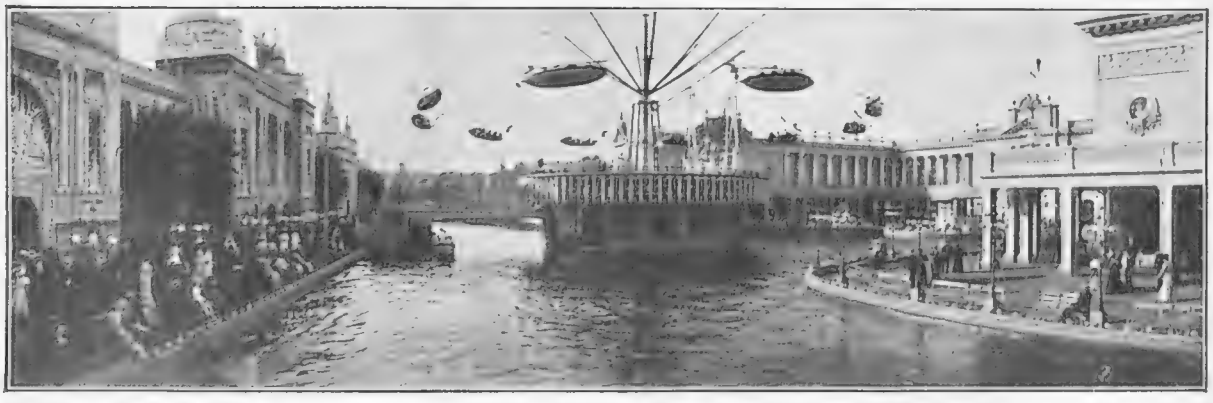
So says, or may say brave Adam! But his coward brother does not understand such high-flown sentiments. Coward Adam's main object in life is to 'avoid a scene' with either the Lord Almighty, Mister Sarpint or Missis Eve. He likes to wriggle out of difficulties, both public and private, in a quiet way. He does not understand the 'methods' of plain blunt people who tell him frankly what a sneak he is. He is very ubiquitous, and much more frequently to be met with than his braver twin. And if he should chance to read what I have here set down concerning him, he will probably say as usual: 'The woman whom thou gavest' in various forms of anonymous vituperation. But his active policy will remain the same as it ever was—'Mister Adam, he, Clum up a tree'!

Marie Corelli.

(Next week the subject of Miss Corelli's article will be "ACCURSÈD EVE")

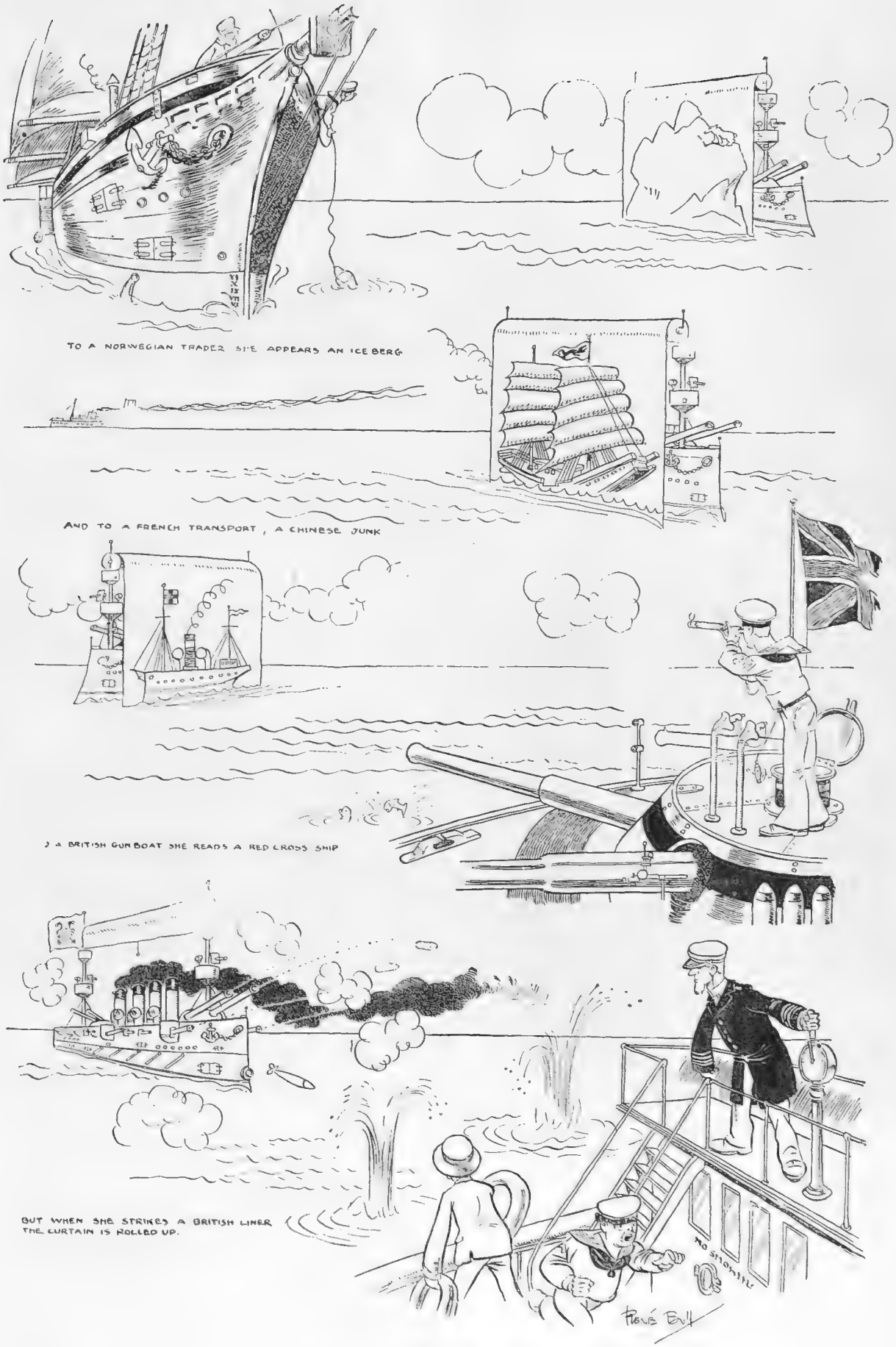
In the Western Gardens

The Flying Machine: The Start



The Flying Machine: In Mid-air

SNAPSHOTS AT THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT



THE CHAMÆLEON SHIP

ANGLESEY CASTLE UNDER THE HAMMER

The Stables

The Castle

So extensive is the personal property of the Most Honourable the Marquis of Anglesey that the great sale which commenced July 29 will not reach a conclusion until September 10, during which period there will be nine separate sales. To-morrow the auctioneer will make a start on the stables and coach-houses, when large sums are expected to be realised for the Marquis's horses, English and Parisian made carriages, beautifully finished harness, and several motor cars, including the "Mors" Pullman car (which cost £2,500), a Panhard, a Lanchester, and other cars

Anglesey Castle, known as Plas-Newydd, overlooking Menai Strait

The third sale, commencing next Friday, will dispose of the steam launch "Hopbloom," seen on the left of the illustration, several boats, yacht fittings, and the general contents of the boat-houses

View of the kennels

Some valuable dogs

A commencement of the great sale was made with the kennels containing a number of pedigree prize-winning toy Pomeranians, a black pug (said to have cost £250), a toy Yorkshire terrier, fox terriers, collies, borzois, retrievers, etc.

THE MONSOON FLOODS IN CEYLON

COLOMBO AND SUBURBS UNDER WATER

Railway Bridge over the Dehiwala Canal

Railway Bridge as seen from the Mount Lavinia side

This bridge was washed away by the force of water coming down canal

The serenity of the fairy island of Ceylon, the enchanted Serendib of the Arabian Nights, has recently been disturbed by serious floods in the neighbourhood of the capital, Colombo. The photographs reproduced here, which were sent by a correspondent in Colombo, show some of the damage done by the heavy rainfalls which have turned erstwhile peaceful canals, through which the water flowed lazily, into raging torrents which devastated property and crops all along their banks. Roads for the time being were quite impassable, and the rickshaw men, with profitable adaptability, transformed themselves into ferrymen in a very short time, and plied a roaring trade. Business was at a standstill owing to the difficulty experienced in reaching the town, and recourse to the golf links in the hour of adversity could not be had since they too were under water. Owing to the bridge on the railway being washed away, passengers could only be carried from Colombo to the breach, whence they had to wade, swim, or be ferried a mile and a half, where another train was in readiness to carry them to their journey's end. Some 3,500 season ticket holders, who daily went to Colombo to business, were inconvenienced by this mishap. The distress among the native population was not so severe as expected, and has been met by subscriptions raised in Colombo.

Kensey Road, Colombo, as seen from the corner of Buller's Road

Golf Links at Colombo, as seen from the Kelani Valley Railway

"At the Sign of the Times"

ON CHINESE SPIES AND OTHER INTERESTING PEOPLE

Various War-Types

What—asks a contemporary—is the most interesting type of man evolved by the conflict in the Far East? It is not an easy question to answer. Some people would favour the Japanese coolie, who will go anywhere and do anything, with nothing inside him but a handful of rice. Others prefer the Russian officer who supplies the photographs from which our fireside artists draw pictures of the war. Certainly the Russian officer shows a creditable coolness. Neither retreat nor defeat seems to interfere with his snapshots. And he develops them too!

The Value of the Chinese Spy

For my part, however, I would give my vote for the Chinese spy. Without his investigations I do not know where we should be. There would be no news to speak of, and very few rumours. With him, there is a never-failing supply of both. He goes in and out of Port Arthur unobserved. He reports that sausages have gone up a shilling a pound or down half a crown—according to what you want to hear; that the Russians have supplies for a month, two years, or five days—just as you please; that the cannonadings which have made such a noise were really thunder, or that the thunder was really a cannonading—whichever you prefer. From him we learn that Port Arthur has fallen for the fourth time, or is impregnable—for the twentieth.

An Antidote to Cricket

In fact, this pagan fellow is always full of the most detailed, picturesque and topical information. Also, whatever he says to-day, he is ready to contradict to-morrow. He is a boon to journalists and a blessing to mankind in

The American Champion Pony "Hurrah"

This pony, the winner of many prizes at shows in America, was successful in the "Pace and Action" Class at Tunbridge Wells recently.

general. Without him, we should have nothing to think about but cricket averages—and syntax.

Speechless Gratitude

Several American war-correspondents in Tokio, who have nothing much else to do, are said to be learning Japanese. It is thought that they intend to try to get to the front in disguise. A much more likely reason is that they want to be able to thank the Japanese military censor in his own tongue for all the kind care he has taken of them. Their own language could not convey all they would like to say to him.

A Loyal Band

Whatever may be the result of the inquiry into the Chantrey Bequest, it is very gratifying to know that Academy witnesses are well-nigh unanimous in thinking that the money has been spent in the best possible manner. Many men, put in the awkward position of having to say if they really thought their own pictures the finest that could have been purchased, would have hesitated and perhaps begged to be excused. No false modesty has obscured the present issues.

And a Rude Opposition

"Fiat Academia: ruat Ars" would, however—in the opinion of opposition artists—appear to be the motto upon which Royal Academicians have acted—so unanimously. Altogether the Commission will have its work cut out, if Art is to be saved and next year's Academy dinner still to be a merry one.

Calling Them Names

The Editor of a railway journal offered a prize a little time ago for the happiest title that should be sent in by readers for one of the Great Western's fast locomotives. The G.W.R. Manager consented to act as judge in this novel competition, and no doubt by this time the name of "Flying Dutchman" has been improved upon. What I am wondering is whether—if the Editor offered a similar prize for the naming of one of the South-Eastern expresses—the S.E. Manager would be equally ready to act as judge. He would come across some felicitous suggestions, if any regular passengers competed.

The Slack Season

The slack season has begun, as anyone may learn for themselves by reading the *Times'* Financial Supplement. Hematite pig iron is having a slow trade; waiters have struck in Bordeaux; and the South-Western has lost a railway engine. The officials do not know where it can have got to, and in the meantime passengers are advised to take another train.

Palmists Brisk

The only really brisk people at present are palmists and international lawyers. Palmists are always with us (except when they are poor palmists, and then they are sent to gaol), but in summer they seem peculiarly prevalent. I suppose they benefit by that love of the miraculous which the London season engenders and warm weather brings to perfection—with the help of Mr. Stead.

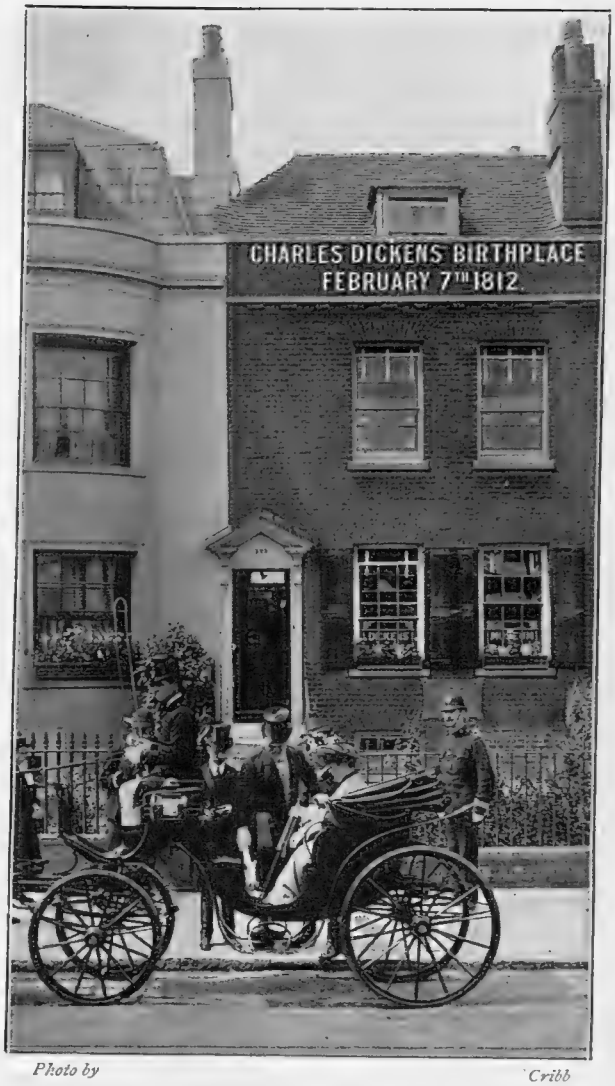


Photo by *Cribb*

Charles Dickens' Birthplace, Commercial Road, Portsmouth

Purchased by the Corporation for over £1,000, and opened by the Mayor, to the public as a Museum, July 23

International Law

International lawyers, on the other hand, though they are also with us always, get little attention except during war crises. The Russian Volunteer fleet has given them the opportunity they required, and they have seized it in order to show us once again what a wonderful thing international law is. Satirists are the only people who have defined it, and nobody has ever observed it. Many educationalists think it should be included in the Board school curriculum—as it serves no useful purpose.

Slender Threads

The ties between ourselves and our colonies have never been—we are told—so strong as now. Lord Dundonald's criticisms are, nevertheless, thought to have menaced our relations with Canada. Luckily a Canadian won the Gold Medal at Bisley, and we can pull together once more. This is magnificent, but is it Imperialism?

MINIMUS.

CONCERNING RUDYARD KIPLING

(NO. 35 OF THE SERIES)

It is true that the British housemaid discovered the British soldier long before Mr. Rudyard Kipling came along. But the housemaid kept him to herself, and when Mr. Kipling arose and cast his eye over the situation, he found a nation prepared at any moment to grow frantic with enthusiasm over Jack Tar, but paying little attention to Thomas Atkins. This, he decided, must be changed. The work lay to his hand. And so, from first to last, from the days of the funny little paper-covered "Rupee Books" that found their way hither from Calcutta in 1889, to the time of the appearance of "The Five Nations" a few months ago, there has been one clear, practical, unmistakable result disengaging itself from the cloud of literary and quasi-political dust kicked up by Mr. Kipling. Beginning with "Soldiers Three" and ending (up to date) with the "Service Songs" in his last book of poems, he has sung the praises of the soldier, exalted his virtues, told of his life and how he lives it, found excuses for him, collected money for him, and invented names for him. And now, the war being over, speaking with pontifical authority as the high priest of the soldier, he has announced:

> "Tommy" you was when it began,
> But now that it is o'er
> You shall be called The Service Man
> 'Enceforward, evermore.

But there is no sign as yet of the fulfilment of this not very convincing prophecy.

Few men have knocked about the world more than Mr. Kipling. Few men know more than he about that rough and hardy existence of war, adventure, pioneering, and general hard living which he maintains to be the blessedest state of mankind, and from which mankind is always and unceasingly struggling to escape. It is doubtful if, in all the conversations that he must have had with soldiers, sailors, stokers, stockmen, engine-drivers, deep-sea fishermen, policemen, Thugs, big-game slayers, special correspondents, and others who dwell among dangers, he ever met with one who liked his perilous way of life as much as Mr. Kipling did.

Indeed, Mr. Kipling does not like it himself, when it comes down to cases. He has confessed that he would rather read "Handley Cross" than go fox-hunting, and it may be surmised that, like the Married Man of his own verse, "'e wants to finish 'is little bit, and 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea," instead of "going truly exploring" and getting into hot water. Human nature is like that.

Nevertheless, he has gone far in his quest of the Imperfect Man, whom he has hunted with as keen a diligence as ever saint or philosopher displayed in the search for a more exalted human ideal. The type he loves is (may it be hinted?) the type that has long been dear to the lady novelist: the strong, prevailing man, with just as much sentimentalism as is wanted to pad him out for the position of hero in a popular story. But the virility of Mr. Kipling's men is the real thing, and the sentimentalism is exceedingly well done.

His chosen mission, and his way of performing it, are pretty well expressed in his own lines:

> In extended observation of the ways and works of man,
> From the Four-mile Radius roughly to the plains of Hindustan,
> I have drunk with mixed assemblies, seen the racial ruction rise,
> And the men of half creation damning half creation's eyes.

Mr. Kipling's soul is in his spectacles We may say what we like about his psychology—and most of us think it fine—but we cannot get away from his genius for what the French journalist calls "actualities." He takes up impressions, sensations, and facts of the kind called "hard," as no other man can. His perceptions are always, like his pencil, sharpened and ready. He will tell you most vividly how a thing looked; but if it was too dark to see, he will tell you no less vividly how it smelt. Indeed, he has ventured the statement that

> Smells are surer than sounds or sights
> To make your heart-strings crack.

The most elaborate description of a smell in all our literature is contained in one of Mr. Kipling's stories, "My Sunday At Home"—you know it, of course. "There was (he writes) a beautiful smell in the air—the smell of white dust, bruised nettles, and smoke—a smell like the echoes of the lost talk of lovers; the infinitely suggestive odour of an immemorial civilisation." How is that?

He is not fond of appearing in public, or of speechifying in any form, and he once wrote to the late Major Pond, who wanted him to lecture in the States, that "I might do it as soon as I had two mortgages on my house, a lien on the stables, a bill of sale on the furniture, and writer's cramp in both hands."

He has created a school of fiction and a school of poetry. He has supplied the Empire with a few lyrics of exactly the right kind at the precise time that they were wanted—and if that does not entitle him to be called the Bard of the Empire, nothing could. It was not as a poet that he captured the attention of England, yet it was poetry which gained him his first great compliment. It came from the native foreman-printer of the Lahore paper on which he started life. That cultivated Muslim's words have been thus reported by Mr. Kipling: "Your poetry very good, sir: just coming proper length to-day. You giving more soon? One third column just proper. Always can take on third page."

Mr. R. Kipling

The well-known Special Correspondent to the British Empire

THE NEXT BUT ONE

Maynard had come to town for the 'Varsity Match. It was his annual visit to the Metropolis, and the card Miss Renton had sent him for Lady Brandon's ball had found him with no reason for a refusal. "Do come," she had written across it; and Maynard had come, knowing, all the time, he had better have kept away.

The sight of Miss Renton, a veritable queen in the midst of the homage her beauty exacted, only made him feel more ashamed of his temerity in ever having dreamed of making her his wife. He could but congratulate himself that he had had the good sense to keep his folly to himself and had given her no opportunity of rebuking his presumption. With her charms of face and manner, charms that destined her to shine in the world of wealth and fashion, was it likely she would have been content to become the wife of a country squire, who had as much as he could do to keep together his ancestral acres?

Miss Renton was to make a rich match. It was with this intention, open and avowed, that her aunt, Lady Brandon, had given her a season in town, and Maynard did not dare flatter himself that, in Lady Brandon's eyes, his paltry fifteen hundred a year would enable him to claim exemption from the stigma of poverty.

It was on Sir George Fareham, the owner of Fareham Hall in Yorkshire, a house in Park Lane, and the finest moor in Scotland, that rumour had bestowed the hand of the fortunate young lady, and rumour had penetrated even to the wilds of Cornwall, where Maynard had been busy with his estate, knitting his brows over the drought, and fearing for his wheat crop.

In an interval between the dances he found himself standing close to his envied rival, who was watching the doorway with evident impatience. Miss Renton had promised the next dance to Maynard, and as she entered the room both he and Fareham hastened to meet her. The latter reached her first, and Maynard drew back.

But Miss Renton smiled sweetly.

"No, no, Sir George; it was the next but one I gave you." She turned to Maynard: "This is yours."

Fareham could but bow and acknowledge his mistake, wondering who the tall, sunburnt man could be for whose dance Miss Renton had so careful a memory.

"You don't want to dance, Mr. Maynard, do you?" said she. "Come and find a breath of fresh air."

She led the way to the balcony, and they stood leaning over the cushioned balustrade, looking into the street below. On the opposite side of the square another dance was in full swing; the music sounded across the intervening trees.

Miss Renton sighed. "Isn't it a whirl?" she said.

"To me it is," said Maynard, "but then I am new to it all; three days of the season, you know, is my annual allowance."

"Oh!" she said, "tell me about the country—about Trevethan; it seems years since I left it."

Maynard laughed.

"I'm afraid there is little novelty in Trevethan. The tide comes up the estuary twice a day as usual; and we farmers grumble, as usual, about the weather. What am I to tell you?"

"You've told me just what I wanted to know," she answered; "there's nothing changed. Do you remember—one day when we picnicked on the golf-links—up there by the sandhills, where you look all round the horizon, and seem in the midst of a perfect circle, do you remember, someone said it seemed like the centre of the world?"

Miss Renton paused and looked thoughtfully down on the moving lights of the carriages.

"I've often thought of that since," she went on, "and I feel now as if it had been true, as if it had been the centre of the world. Everything seemed so still there; here we seem on the very edge—rushing round so fast that it takes one's breath away."

Maynard had refuge in silence, hardly understanding her mood.

"I'm so glad you came to-night," she said softly. "I feel as if you, at all events, were out of the whirl; and you—you steady me, somehow, and help me to think."

Maynard looked round involuntarily to see that no one was within hearing.

Miss Renton noticed the glance and smiled a little wearily.

"Yes, I suppose it would sound strange," she said. "It isn't quite the thing to talk so seriously in London, is it? One has to pretend that life is a game, and that nothing matters very much—perhaps it doesn't."

"No, please don't think that," he said.

"Oh, it was easy enough in the country—there I could take even views, and—and—oh," she broke off, "it's the hurry of it all that frightens me."

"You're tired," he said lamely.

"Perhaps I am, but I wanted you to come to-night; and I wanted to talk to you seriously—we have talked seriously before now, haven't we—in the country?"

Maynard's thoughts flew back to his favourite Cornish cliffs, back to the golf links, back to that unique estuary where the tide flowed to and fro twice a day, and he remembered many a sail he and her brother had had together, with Miss Renton for a

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"On my honour I never knew—I never guessed"

passenger. One evening in particular lived in his memory, when they had rounded the Gull-rock at sunset, and watched the sun sink into the crimson sea.

"Suppose we sit down," she said.

Supper had claimed its tribute of hungry men and maidens, and the balcony was left in peace.

"Do you know Sir George Fareham?" she asked suddenly.

Maynard winced; the conversation bade fair to be embarrassing.

"Only by sight," he answered.

Miss Renton was silent for a moment; then she said deliberately:

"I want to ask your advice."

"*My* advice?" he queried. "Surely——?"

"Oh, yes, I know what you will say; there are lots of people ready enough with advice, but they all have——oh, a London point of view, you know. You don't look at things in quite the same way, for instance, that Lady Brandon does."

Maynard smiled. "No, I don't suppose I do quite."

"Are you still faithful to what you used to call your philosophy of life?"

Maynard smiled again. "I am fond of my own estate—we have had it for so many generations, you see, and I want to do my own little corner of the earth. Is that what I call my philosophy of life?—every man to sweep his own doorstep—not an ambitious programme, is it?"

"And to be rich and envied, and someone in the world of London, wouldn't tempt you?"

"No," he answered, "I don't know that it would, but then I have never had the chance."

"Have you any—any philosophy of love? Do you think it is true—what poets have said about it all?"

Maynard looked at her; marked the graceful pose of the head, the sweet set of the lips, the lovely contour of the neck and chin. "Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks within his bending sickle's compass come." Did he love the girl by his side for her beauty alone? Was his the love that would "bend with the remover to remove"? He asked himself the question frankly, and for the moment, at least, had no doubt but that his was the love that "bears it out even to the edge of doom."

"Yes," he said, "I am on the side of the poets."

Miss Renton played nervously with her fan.

"Would—would you think it wrong of a woman to marry a man—because—because he was rich?"

Maynard hesitated.

"His wife will be the envy of half the women in London," he said thoughtfully.

Miss Renton's colour heightened. Maynard had forgotten for the moment that he had no right to assume a knowledge of the particular "he" concerned.

"Yes," she rejoined, "wealth and the envy of one's friends are idols that we most of us bow down to; but you—you haven't answered me."

The music of the "next but one" had begun all too soon.

"Quick," she exclaimed hurriedly, almost hysterically; "I am dancing with him—this very dance—you must help me—one drifts so. Oh, you don't know how hard it is."

Maynard drew a long breath.

"You mustn't ask me to help you," he said slowly; "it isn't fair."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because—though I never had much hope—until there is someone else there is always a little."

Despite the half-playful intonation there was no mistaking his meaning.

"Oh," she cried, in a scared undertone, rising in her agitation, and moving again to the edge of the balcony; "what have I done? What will you think of me? On my honour, I never knew—I never guessed——"

He followed her, protesting that she had done no harm.

"No, of course you never knew," he said, "how should you? I never meant to tell you——it's all right, only——"

"Oh, but you don't understand; it isn't that—it is—oh, don't you see, it looks as if I had wanted you to tell me—and—you must believe me—on my honour I never knew you cared."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, what will you think of me," she cried again. "I was certain you didn't care, but——" she whispered the words so low that he could scarcely catch what she said—"I think I have wished that you did care, since ever so long ago."

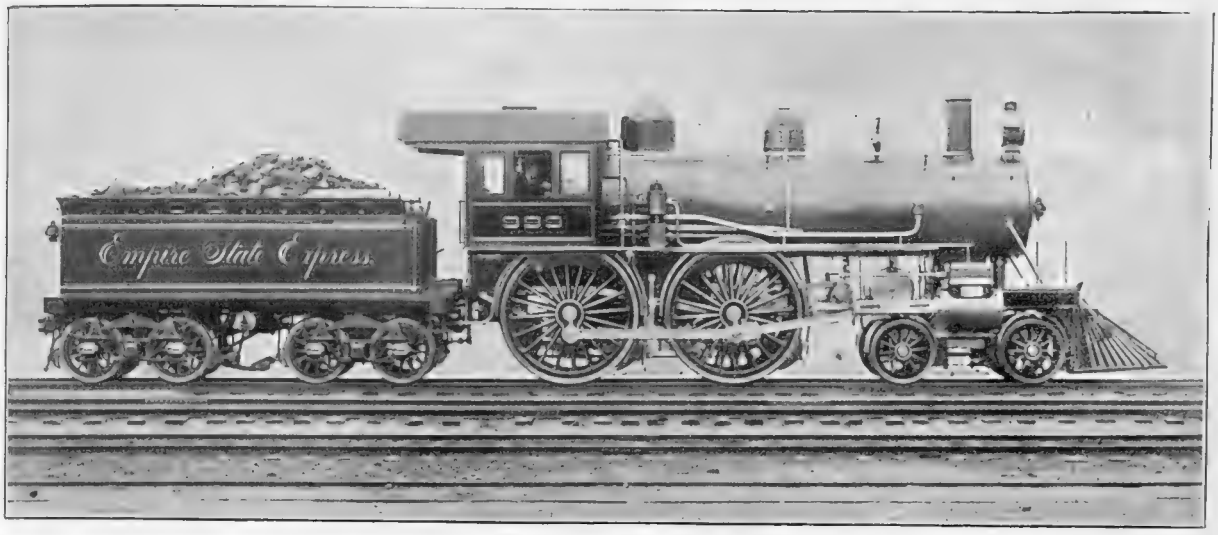
The valse was Mandalay. Through the open window came the rhythmic lilt of the refrain; but the music of the "next but one" had no anxiety for Maynard now. A line of the song rose triumphantly to his memory:

"Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud,
On the road to Mandalay."

"White to play and checkmate in two moves"

THE "EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS":

THE FASTEST LONG-DISTANCE TRAIN IN THE WORLD



An American Flier: The "Empire State Express"

Which makes the run between New York and Buffalo, at a speed of from eighty to eighty-eight miles per hour

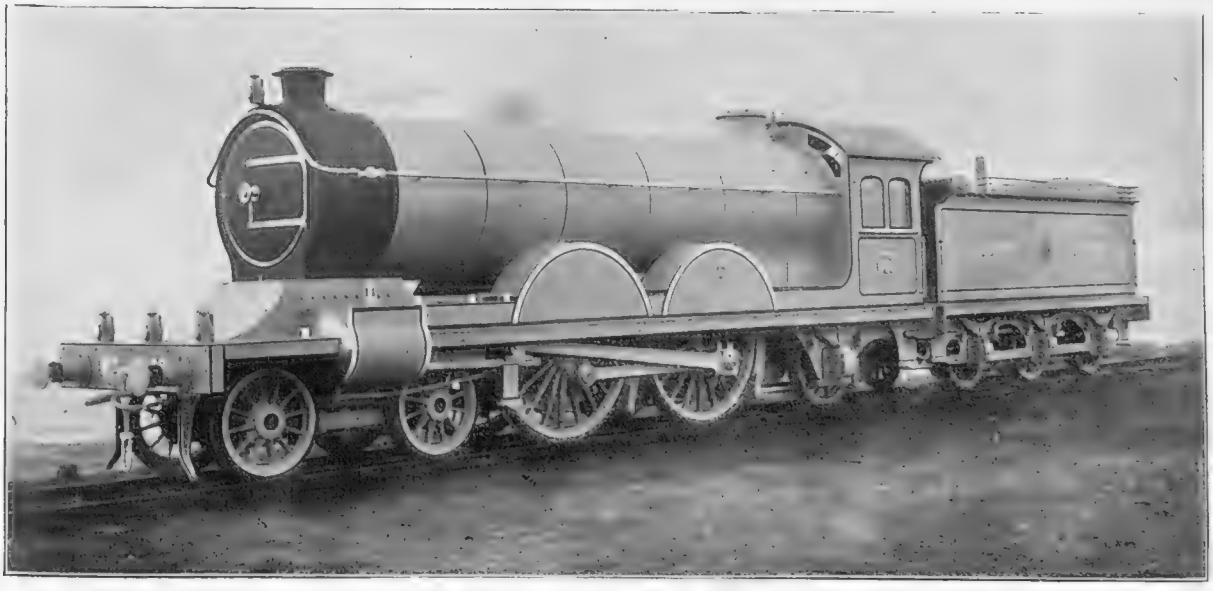
Up to November 16, 1900, the down "Sud Express," between Paris and Bayonne, was actually the fastest long-distance train in the world, and the "Empire State Express" came second.

By a long-distance train is understood one which travels for a greater distance than 300 miles.

On November 16, 1900, occurred the terrible accident to the up "Sud Express," and since this date the "Empire State Express" has held first place.

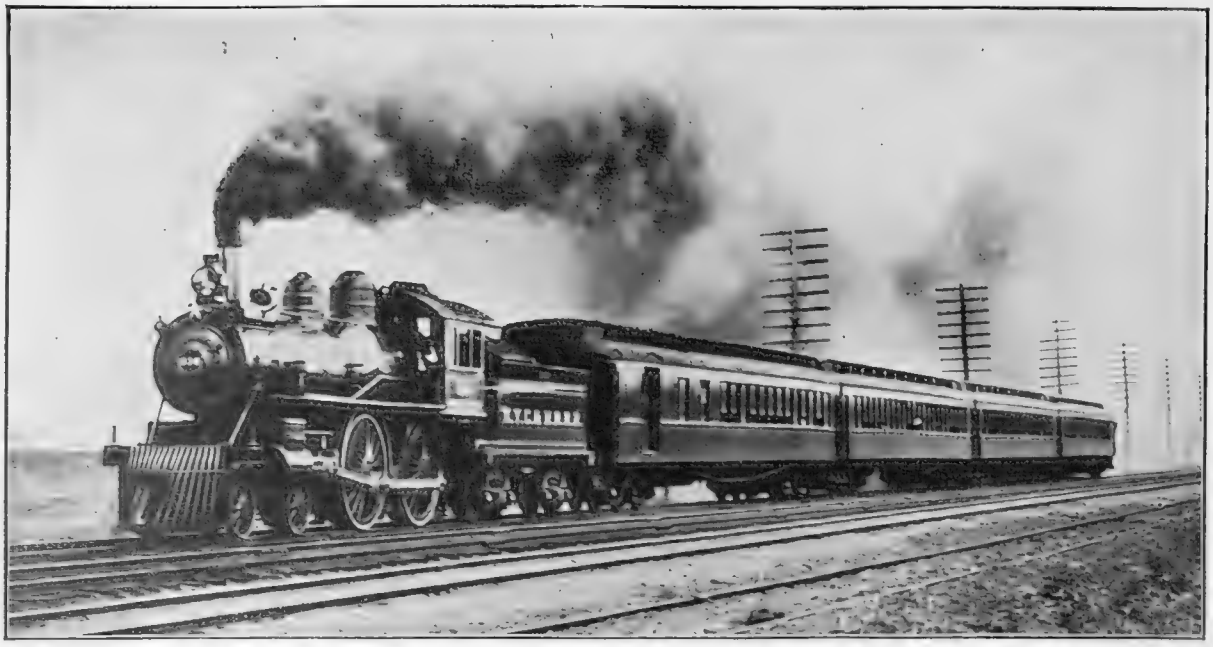
The official publications of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad claim that the "Empire State Express" is the "fastest regular train on earth." When the many difficulties that this wonderful train has to contend with in maintaining punctuality are taken into consideration, it is probable that the claim will be allowed. The "Empire State Express" runs from New York to Buffalo, a distance of 440 miles; the train has no fewer than twenty-eight booked "slacks," many of them for miles through crowded streets; and, in addition, it is constantly checked at level crossings and drawbridges, and yet it is always in time at the terminus. In order to achieve this, it has to get up to speeds of 80 to 88 miles an hour, and, on occasions, we believe it has actually done 90 miles an hour.

Mr. H. F. Parshall, who gave evidence before the House of Commons Committee on the Manchester and Liverpool Mono-Rail Electric Express Railway, said that there was a train in America—the "Empire State Express"—which had run a considerable distance at 117 miles an hour. The distance which the "State Express" ran at this great



A British Flier: "The Flying Scotchman"

This engine hauls the great Scotch mail between York and Edinburgh at a rate, including stoppages, of over fifty miles an hour



(From an instantaneous photograph)

The "Empire State Express" (Limited) making 117 miles an hour

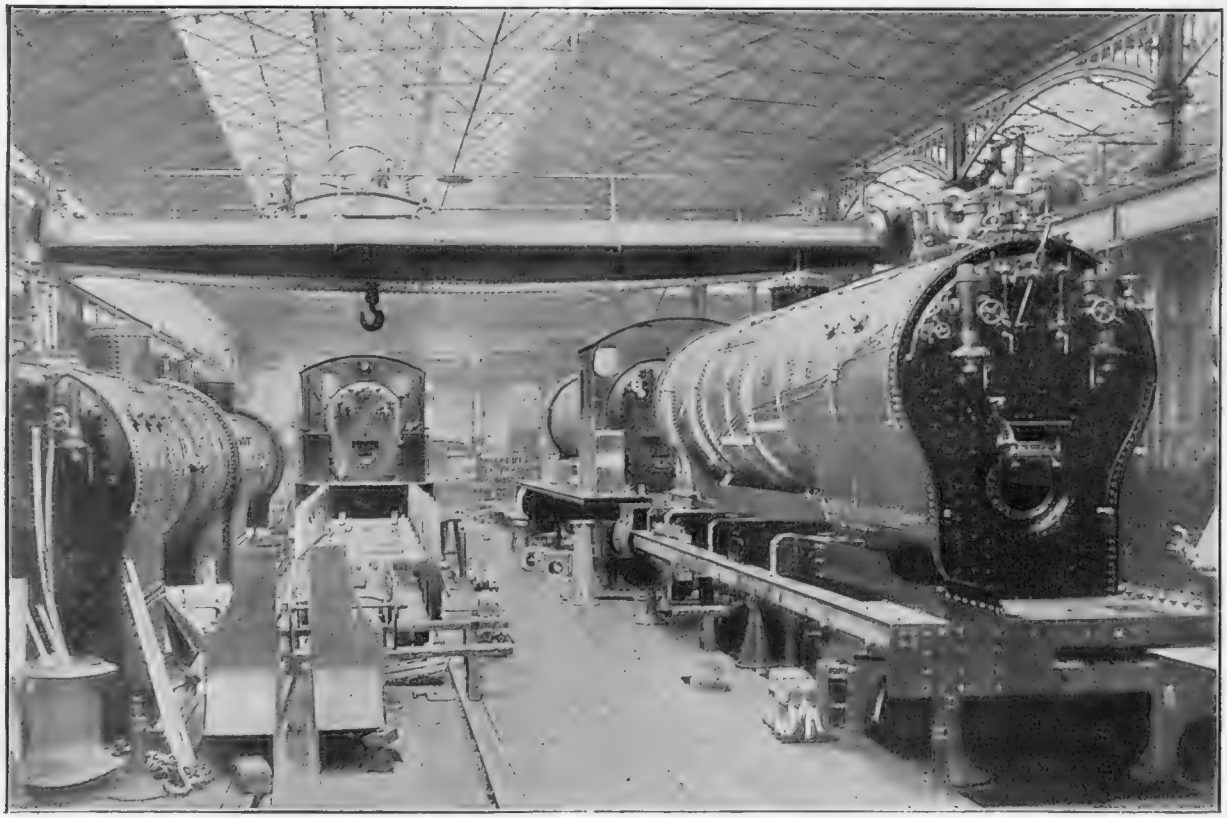
This speed was, of course, only maintained for a short distance, when drawing a light load, limited to four cars. But it is a great engineering achievement

speed was about 12 miles. It was on a straight line, and the gradient was favourable.

Sensational statements are often published in the newspapers respecting remarkable "flying" speeds reached by trains in the United States. An American locomotive is reputed to have once run a mile in the astonishing time of 32 seconds. Two more wonderful runs were recently reported in the daily press.

A short while ago two extraordinary runs were made on the Pennsylvania Railroad. A special train, with Mr. A. J. Cassatt, President of the Company, on board, left Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, for Jersey City, a distance of a little over 89 miles, and accomplished the journey in 80 minutes. The average speed per hour was 67.1 miles, but between Princeton and Monmouth junctions the cars were running at a velocity of 90 miles an hour, or 1½ miles a minute.

On the following day another journey was



Constructing a Modern Express Locomotive

Interior of the N.E.R. works at Darlington, giving an idea of the intricate machinery used in the construction of a modern engine

Sumptuous interior of an "Empire State Express" Car

The compartment in the foreground, which has the appearance somewhat of a box at the theatre, is fitted with curtains so that it can be completely shut off from the rest of the saloon

accomplished in 79 minutes, the average speed per hour being a little higher—67.9 miles.

It is interesting to note how different in appearance the fastest engines in America are to the types we know here. The "Empire Express" engine looks almost a toy beside the latest powerful hauler of the North-Eastern Railway.

In the earliest days of American locomotive building (says a recent writer) the influence of the original English model is traceable in the designs, but it was not long before the American mechanic began to strike out for himself, and build a machine specially adapted to local conditions. Various original and radical features were introduced, and with such rapidity that in a few years the most important elements of the typical American eight-wheel engine as we know it to-day may be said to have been substantially established.

COWES WEEK: THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON

The Castle, Headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron

Photos by *Kirk*

"The Platform" at the Castle overlooking the Solent

A GROUP OF PROMINENT MEMBERS R. Y. S.

Photo by *Russell.*

Prominent Members of the R. Y. S.

STANDING (left to right): Marquis de Soveral (Portuguese Minister), Mr. J. M. Guest, Mr. P. Percival, Hon. H. Stonor, Sir Allen Young
Marquess of Ormonde

A SWARM OF BEES

THE PROBLEM OF HIVES AND HONEY

The bee in England has so long been associated with the straw hive that bee-keepers and the world in general were impregnated with the idea that this formed an integral detail in the immutable laws of nature.

The restless spirit of progress has, however, in recent years, made its influence felt in the art of bee-keeping, and the housing problem has attacked the bee-keeper and involved him in most radical evolutions.

It must be confessed that the change, from a picturesque and sentimental point of view, is a loss, but from every practical aspect the gain is great. The bees, housed in their new and commodious premises—a dwelling on the lower floors and a honey factory on the upper floors—turn out three or four times the amount of honey, ready made up into neat one pound cubes, and this can be removed quietly, as produced, without the painful necessity which formerly existed of first destroying the whole community, or, indeed, interfering with it in any way.

The photographs which illustrate this article show the process by which a bee-keeper takes a swarm as it has issued from an old-fashioned hive and houses them in a modern bar frame hive.

In passing, it will be noticed that our bee-keeper has none of that panoply which is usually seen on those who are about to take a swarm, no veil, no gloves, no protection of any sort, beyond his perfect knowledge of the insects he has to deal with and his power of judging the temper they are in.

Swarming is the bees' natural mode of procedure for the re-production of colonies. At a certain season of the year, usually from May to July, the hive, having become too crowded, the queen lays drone eggs. When a number of these have been produced, the bees commence forming queen cells; this being done, as soon as the weather is propitious the old queen and the major portion of the population issue forth from the hive, and, after circling in the air for some time, settle in a compact mass upon some adjacent position, usually on the branch or branches of some low tree or bush. This mass of bees is called a swarm. After remaining in this position for a certain time, they will, if not secured, fly to another place, perhaps some miles

From May to July bees commence to swarm in a mass, usually on the branch of some low tree or bush—

—Then the bee-farmer takes a straw hive and shakes the whole living mass into it as shown—

away, and there, when a suitable location is found, construct combs, gather honey, rear brood, and go through the same routine as has been done in the original community.

When the bees have clustered in a compact mass on a branch, the bee-keeper, calm and confident in himself, approaches; he holds under them some clean receptacle—the best, perhaps, is a straw hive, being light and handy—and shakes the whole mass into it, as he would grain or some other inanimate substance. He has previously laid a board upon the ground, and, bearing his straw full of bees to this, he deposits it upon the board, dome uppermost.

For a few seconds all is quiet, then a loud hum is heard as the bees run up into the dome-shaped roof.

—After having secured the swarm, he descends, and deposits his straw hive upon the spot which the future residence of his swarm is to occupy, dome uppermost—

If the queen has not been shaken in with the cluster, the latter will, in a few minutes, vacate the hive and join the queen in the position occupied by her. If the queen is in the hive, the bees outside will gradually converge toward it and enter.

By these motions of the bees will a knowledge of the position of the queen be obtained.

Having now the swarm safe in his straw, our bee-keeper deposits this on the spot which the future residence of his swarm is to occupy, and starts preparing the future hive, which is, of course, a standard bar-frame, the nature of which can be seen in the accompanying photographs. About an hour before sunset he slightly moves the straw containing the swarm and places the bar-frame hive in the exact spot the former has occupied.

—Then he sets to work to get a new hive ready. Note the difference between the new standard bar frame hive in course of construction, and the old straw hive shown on the next page—

—When the new hive is ready, the bee-farmer, about an hour before sunset, gently moves the straw hive containing the swarm, and with a slight jerk—

—Precipitates a few of the bees upon the slanting board seen. He then pushes with a feather a few of the bees to the entrance of the bar-frame hive, and they commence to run in, as seen in our illustrations

After which a board is placed before the hive, slanting up to its entrance.

Everything being now ready, the bee-keeper takes the receptacle which contains his swarm, and with a very slight rolling sort of jerk, gently precipitates a handful or so of bees upon the slanting board; he then pushes with a feather a few of the bees to the entrance of the bar frame hive, and they commence to run in. When this has happened the apiarist spills a few more bees out on to the board, and gently places the straw, containing the main body, at the foot of the slope.

The bees, running into the entrance, give the signal that a suitable home has been found, and this is taken up by those behind, and passed back to the main body. The latter, nothing loth, rush in as fast as possible, and the general effect is like the approach to Waterloo Station on a Saturday afternoon.

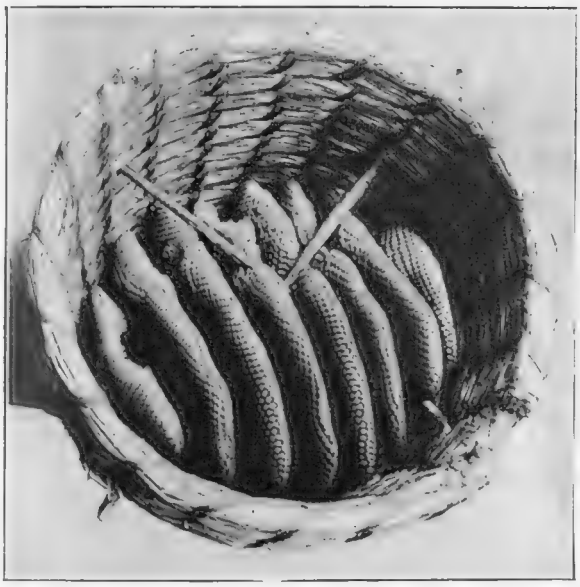
In a short time the bees are installed in their new quarters; but, simple as it all sounds, the success of the thing depends upon great care and judgment being exercised; particularly is this so in the matter of placing the new hive. In the first place, it must stand perfectly level—indeed, it should be adjusted

A swarm of bees issuing from the old-fashioned hive. In the bar-frame hive, bees turn out three or four times the amount of honey secured in the old straw hive seen above

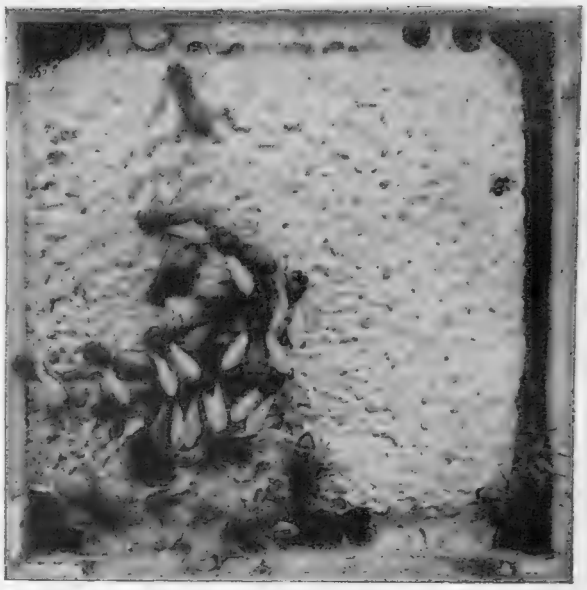
In the bar-frame hive, the sections seen in process of making are placed, so that when the honey is gathered, it is in one pound squares all ready for market

with a spirit level—for if it be out of the perpendicular, as all the combs being built by the bees plumb with the earth, they will be irregularly formed, thus, in many cases, entirely nullifying the advantages of the bar-frame system.

Again, if the bees are to thrive, the position must be judiciously selected, a south-east aspect for choice, not too shady and not too sunny, and the trouble is that, once selected, it is most difficult to alter it without entailing considerable loss to the population. When a bee first flies from the hive, it takes note of all the surroundings, continually flying from the hive in gradually increasing circles and returning again until it has become quite familiar with the exact position of its home. If that home is moved, the bees, not being aware of removal when they again fly forth, will return to the only position known to them. There being no hive there, they will, after searching around the spot for a considerable time, settle on some adjacent object and die.



—In the old straw hive the foundation of the comb was laid as shown in the above illustration, and the honey was gathered in a haphazard and wasteful manner—



—While in the new hive, the bees, as seen above, simply set to work to get their honey ready for market in the most economical manner possible

It is therefore not advisable to alter the position of a hive unless it is to go right away for a distance of two or three miles. But this does not apply to the winter-time after the bees have been confined to their hive for some weeks. During this period they seem partially to have forgotten the topography of the neighbourhood. Therefore, if it is required to move a hive a short distance, one of the following plans must be adopted—it must be done during the winter, and after a considerable interval of bad weather, or they must be taken a distance of at least two miles from their original position, and then, after about a fortnight, brought back to the position required.

As an adjunct to a garden, a stock of bees is both valuable and interesting. Carrying the pollen from flower to flower, they are of the greatest importance in the economy of nature, while their curiously complex and elaborate social system forms an object the contemplation of which grows upon those who observe it with ever-increasing interest.

A SOLDIER'S ROMANCE (Translated from the Chinese)

The truth of the following romantic story is vouched for by the narrator, a Chinese scribe:

The Emperor of China sent a large quantity of regimental clothing for the soldiers on the frontier during a severe winter. Most of the garments had been made by the ladies and attendants of the Imperial Household. Subsequently, thousands of miles away, a stalwart man-at-arms found the following ode, written neatly on a sheet of note-paper in his uniform coat-pocket in a feminine handwriting, viz.:

O soldier in battle with foemen contending,
Through cold and fatigue unable to rest;
I make thee this coat thy body defending
From cold: tho' I know not whose form 'twill invest.
Concerned for thy welfare, whoe'er thou may'st be,
I bestow extra stitches to keep out the wind,
And to shield thy dear person, tho' unknown to me,
I enclose a thick padding of wadding behind.

'Tis vain though to hope we shall meet in this life,
But O may I be in the next world your Wife!

The soldier gave the ode to his officer, the officer transmitted it to the Emperor; his Majesty ordered strict inquiries to be made throughout the palace for the person who wrote it. When Kae-Yuen was asked, she replied, "I am deserving of ten thousand deaths." But the Emperor, Yuen-Sung, took compassion upon her, and he caused her to be brought into intercourse with the valiant soldier who had found her poem in his new coat pocket thousands of miles away. They were shortly afterwards married, and subsequently the bridegroom said to the bride: "You expressed a hope in your verses that you might be my wife hereafter in Heaven, but, better still, you and I have been united in the holy bonds of wedlock *in this life*, and we will live to bless the inspiration which prompted the verses of your poem."

"Now, *I* can go into the village and come home again without getting drunk."
"Ah, Meenister but I'm sae popular."

FROM the very first we all liked him. There was a look of nobility in his face. It was a pale face, with a lofty brow, and dark, inscrutable eyes.

I never could understand the expression that lived in his eyes. It seemed to be an expression that was at once menacing and tender—a curious expression.

But we all swore by him. He was so bright and intelligent, so full of new and odd ideas. And so cheerful and ready to help in everything. When we were in a puzzle with the work, he was the one to find a straight way out of it, and his manner of doing this was such as not to offend the feelings of the boss. He was full of ready and gentle tact. He listened to all our stories of what we had once been, and sympathised with us. He sympathised with our hopes to get away from the place and the work, and with our ambitions when once we had got back again into the world.

For these great mountains were to us as a prison. It was as if we were chained to this long railway track—this track that stretched across an immense continent of stretching, lone prairies and immense desolate mountains. We were labourers here in far-away British Columbia—thousands of miles away from anywhere. The great open sky was all around, the immense mountains rolled and stretched up and up, and there was the wide, mysterious lake, and off over on the other side of the lake was the forest that was always burning. And the air was wonderful to breathe. We were here in the midst of illimitable expanse, and still we were as if in a prison. It was a place that was vast and stretching and tremendous, but still it was a place that was a prison. For it was a place of solitude.

And one day we had been working on the track in dull silence, when a man came slowly along from the east. He was a tall man, and he was footsore and weary. A man with a lofty brow and dark, inscrutable eyes. He came amongst us, and we all liked him. And the boss gave him work. He had come from Canada, he said. And from that time on we knew him as the man from Canada. He gave a name for the boss to put in his time-book, but what the name was we neither knew nor cared. We ourselves were men without names. So we called him and thought of him as the man from Canada.

And from the time he came to our shack—the hut where we lived—everything changed. We were no more moody nor gloomy. We were at our best—at ourselves again. Bill, the Californian, began to tell us his yarns about prospecting in Tulare County—that beautiful county off in Californy! And I woke up again. And even Murphy, our boss, the sullen, silent, ugly-tempered Murphy, even he became cheerful. In fact, all of us were changed for the better. The presence of the man from Canada acted like a charm. We were all cheerful and happy again. The grumbling stopped. And still the whole thing was very curious. For to look at the man from Canada would give one the impression that he was sad and melancholy. There was the pale face and the inscrutable eyes, in which there seemed to live a sinister expression. But there was some strange quality of magnetism in him.

He was also a man of undoubted courage. Murphy, the boss, was a bully. He was what was called in British Columbia "a hard man." And one night he threatened the Californian. He was half drunk, and going to strike him when the man

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from Canada interfered. He took Murphy by the shoulder and pushed him against the wall. Murphy turned savagely, but there was something in the eye of the man from Canada that cowed him. He swore sulkily and sat down. And then the man from Canada spoke to him, and challenged him to fight in any way that he liked. He, the man from Canada, would meet him in any way he chose, or with whatever he chose. But Murphy would not fight. There was something in the man who challenged him that sobered him and made him afraid. And the affair passed. We worked on together till a certain piece of news came to us. It was to the effect that the railway company were about to employ gangs of Chinamen upon the railroad. They were to take the place of white men.

At first we did not believe this. But at last Murphy was given the intimation that we were all to be discharged at the end of the month. He, however, was to be kept to boss the Chinamen. It was necessary to have a white man to drill them into the work. And the company was offering all the section bosses higher wages than they were getting if they would consent.

But Murphy would not hear of it. He had his faults, but he was not a traitor. The company could get out of the hole as best it could as far as he was concerned! He was not going back on white men! He was not going back on his own race. The company could go to hell!

And when the road manager himself came to see him, he told him that the company didn't own enough money to make him do it. He had his faults, had Murphy. He was a drunken bully. But he was not a traitor. And the head manager had to go off. In fact, if he had not gone as quickly as he did it would have been dangerous for him.

The man from Canada shook hands with Murphy, and told him that we all agreed that he had done the right and loyal thing. Men ought to stick by their race! A man who did otherwise should be paid with death. Murphy had done the right thing! And the man from Canada went on to praise him.

Although we were glad to leave the mountains, still, it cut us to think that we were not going of our own accord. We were forced to make way for Chinamen! The people that ran the railway cared for nothing but the making of money. They were traitors who would run the best place that ever God made so as to make a dollar. The man from Canada went into the whole thing. Such men, he said, should be shot or hung. And he went on to show that men like these brought on revolution. It was they who were the real traitors to the State. It was they who caused the stroke of the knife and the throwing of the bomb. The users of the knife and the bomb were only the effect of a cause!

I remember thinking at the time that the man from Canada was one of the men who would come to the front during a revolution. He was a man of courage, and a man of keen, wide intelligence. He was one who was a natural leader of men And I wondered how it was that a man like him had come to be a common labourer on the railway. He was certainly far past any of us. There was more in him in every way. And over and above everything he was one whom a man would instinctively like and trust. There was something mysterious about him, something that one could not fathom, but he was certainly a man to depend on! This was the opinion of us all. We often discussed him when he was away from us. We respected and liked and admired him.

The time was getting close now. We would soon have to go. But we laughed together when we thought of the hole that the company was in about the Chinamen. There was no one to show them what to do—there was no one to herd them! It was a good joke.

. . . . . .

A month had passed. I was still in the mountains. I had intended to push on to the Pacific coast, but when I got the money that was coming to me I was somehow not so eager to leave the mountains. I went back to Kamloops. Where the rest of my mates were I had no idea. They had all drifted away, some to the coast, some back into the interior, and some to places off in the mountains.

I often thought of the man from Canada. I wondered where he had got to. He had made a deep impression on me. He was such a first-class man—a fine, straight, square man. One whom you would always remember. Beside him the rest of my mates were shadows.

And at last I determined to make my way to the coast. Perhaps I might see him in Vancouver.

I went along the railway track. I was passing along the part upon which we had all worked together—Murphy, and the man from Canada, and the rest of us. There was the shack. I saw it as I rounded the turn in the mountain pass. And far off—as far as I could see—a gang of men were working. They must be the Chinamen. Yes; they were the Chinamen. Off a little from them a man was standing. He was a tall man, and I wondered who it could be.

It was the man from Canada! At last I had been forced to believe in the sight of my own eyes. He was there—herding the Chinamen!

He had been a traitor to us all.

BART KENNEDY.

Ways of the World

The open secret of boredom is to tell everything.

Earnestness! that is the only funny thing left to us.

A woman does not like to be called *spirituel*, she knows it means her complexion is not what it used to be.

The wicked are wicked, of course, but the good can be worse than that.

A secret sense of humour is very valuable, but most of us keep it too secret.

True, all is vanity, that is why we go on living.

Love is the quintessence of friendship, and yet it is the volatile essence.

Some people do good by stealth, and blush to find it—tame.

AMERICAN TOPICS

The keenness of competition in the United States is proverbial, and even in the prophetic business it makes itself felt. The latest revelation has been vouchsafed to a Chicago man of the name of Steele He says he is a prophet, and announces that in a short time a descent of avenging angels will take place in Illinois. The purpose of their visit, however, need not concern the majority of the inhabitants of the State. It is merely to compass the annihilation of Dr. Dowie and his faithful people. Prophets of all kinds can generally get some sort of hearing in America; but one with such a message as that ought to gather together an especially big following.

Speaking of the Prophet of Zion, there is another item about him. Electioneering is not very scrupulous in the United States, and the Presidential contest is a war in which almost anything is considered fair. But it is really too bad of Mr. Roosevelt's opponents to circulate the report that Dr. Dowie intends to vote for him.

Another baseless rumour has been current. Nobody minds very much, of course, what is said about Raisuli, who recently had Mr. Perdicaris under his solicitous care in the unsettled interior of Morocco. But even brigands have feelings, and it was cruel of the person who put it about that Raisuli had been elected to the directorate of the Standard Oil Company.

It is safe to say that it will be a long time before another engine-wrecking bee is scheduled. The one at Revere Beach, near Boston, on the Fourth of July, was not a success. A head-on collision of locomotives was the irresistible attraction advertised by the manager of the Point of Pines Hotel. A well-built track was laid down, and two eighty-ton engines were purchased from the Boston and Maine Railroad. A wide space was to have been kept clear on each side of the track to avoid accidents; but on the day 45,000 persons rushed to the spectacle, and crowded right up to the rails, from which nothing would induce them to move back. In the end the manager had to announce that there would be no wreck that day. Thereupon the mob went wild. The manager had to fly for his life, and the people proceeded to destroy the engines as far as possible, burnt all the woodwork possible, and then laid siege to the barricaded hotel, of which all the windows were smashed before a strong force of police appeared to clear the grounds. There is something terrible about the American people in the rare day of its wrath.

A grievance that is bitterly felt by Americans taking stock of Europe is that they cannot, for all the leagues of ocean they have travelled, get away from the painfully popular songs of their native land. They were just beginning to hope that "Hiawatha" had died out of the American spirit; but on coming to England this summer they find every street piano hammering out the maddening melody. Again, they left their countrymen writhing in the clutches of "Bedelia," which captured the nation months ago, and is at this moment being whistled by every bell-boy and rendered on every popular instrument in the United States. On coming to London, they find a favourite English comedian engaged, at one of the leading musical comedies, in teaching the loathly thing to his fellow-citizens. And in Paris it is much the same. Showing the way to the rest of the world certainly has drawbacks.

The irrepressible Book Agent

LADY OF THE HOUSE *(sarcastically)*: "No, Sir, I don't need no soap."
AGENT *(politely)*: "'Elements of Grammar,' ma'am? Only sixpence."

The LIBRARY.

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"The Truth About Morocco." By M. Aflalo. "An Indictment of the British Foreign Office in relation to the recent Treaty between England and France." With an introduction by Mr. Cunninghame-Graham. (John Lane.)

"The Life We Live." By George R. Sims. (Chatto and Windus: 1*s.*)

NEW FICTION

"The Lady Electra." By Robert Barr. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Sentinel of Wessex." By Mrs. C. King Warry. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Philanthropist." A Study of Nonconformity in London. By J. F. Causton. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

Life in a Monastery

"English Monastic Life." By Abbot Gasquet. (London: Methuen and Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

No more interesting subject could have been chosen for the first volume of Messrs. Methuen and Co.'s "Antiquary's Books" than that of monastic life in England in pre-Reformation times. To a large, and, perhaps, increasing number of people, the life lived in our own country in bygone days possesses a peculiar fascination, and in nothing is the contrast between past and present so great as in all that touches the religious life of the nation. One has only to glance at the end of Abbot Gasquet's book to gain a dim idea of what England was five hundred years ago. There is a list of English religious houses, of which there are still some remains, and it runs into close upon two thousand names. Following this, there are five maps of England, showing the houses of the Black Monks, the White Monks, the Carthusians, and four orders of Friars, the Regular Canons, and the Nunneries, which existed at the time of the Suppression; and each map is full, and in parts black with names. When one considers the size of some of these monasteries, the magnificence of their buildings, their wealth, and their importance in the life of the community, and, moreover, their great possessions in land which had been brought into cultivation and was farmed by the labours of the monks themselves, one gains a dim idea of what these facts and figures mean.

One is therefore grateful for a book such as this, which enables one to picture the life of those days, a life which influenced every corner of England, and, in some degree, every dweller in town or country, a life which, nevertheless, has wholly disappeared, or, if it still exists here and there, is alien to the spirit of our times, and by which not one Englishman in a thousand is affected.

Abbot Gasquet begins with a short sketch of the monastic life, and goes on to an account of the different parts of a monastery, which usually had a great similarity, as a glance at the plans of Beaulieu Abbey, Repton Priory, and Walton Priory, here given,

Photo by *Thiele*

Abbot Gasquet

Author of "English Monastic Life"

Abbot Gasquet is President of the Benedictines in England. A thorough Englishman, despite his French name, he takes high rank among English historical scholars

will show. He then explains the duties of the various officials and servants, recounts the daily round of duties undertaken by the communities, gives a short chapter on the internal relations of the monastic orders, and ends with an explanation of the various orders of monks, friars, and nuns. It is possible to gain a clear idea of what went on in and about the religious houses from the book, but it must be said that the whole work lacks that vivid touch which transports the reader into the past, the touch which has made Jocelyn de Brakelond's experiences live again in the pages of Carlyle, or even that which enables Dr. Jessop to interest thousands of readers in the ecclesiastical and monastic life of old days in the English countryside. But the information is here, accurate and well-informed, and it would be a dull reader whose imagination was not set working by it. A. M.

A Tale of the Yorkshire Moors

LYCHGATE HALL. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). (Longmans, Green and Co. : London.)

Lychgate Hall is an old and lonely place, half manor-house, half farm-house, in a wild part of Yorkshire, to which comes a beautiful young woman with a mystery of her own, the unravelling of which provides Mrs. Blundell the opportunity for a capital story, the interest of which is kept up to the end. The solution is, perhaps, a trifle disappointing. One cannot help feeling that much ado is made about very little; but the writing is so skilful, and the types of eighteenth century character so well drawn, that the story cannot be considered otherwise than a success. The pictures of old English country life are very happy, and the portrait of the domineering Dowager, Lady Gillibrand, would be enough of itself to make the book attractive if there were nothing else.

Books to Appear Shortly

Sir Thomas Lawrence, the great President of the Royal Academy, whose love story is about to be fully told for the first time in the series of letters written by himself and the two beautiful daughters of Mrs. Siddons, the actress, was an incorrigible flirt all his life. It was one of his weaknesses to be over-fond of the better-looking sex—to whom it will be found that most of his published correspondence was addressed—and he was always imagining himself to be most desperately in love. George III. was highly amused on one occasion by the painter's flirtation with the wife of one of His Majesty's German musicians, but the artist got into hot water at another time by his indiscreet behaviour towards the luckless Princess of Wales, who had been abandoned by her husband, and whose portrait the King had commanded Lawrence to paint.

Of all his love affairs, there is no doubt that the master passion of his life was the unfortunate one with the Siddons sisters, and, on the evidence already produced, it is difficult to defend his conduct. He fell in love with Sally Siddons, jilted her for Maria Siddons, and then, jilting Maria, strove desperately to win back Sally. To these two sisters alone did he ever propose marriage, but even then he could not make up his mind which to have. It was a cruel return to Mrs. Siddons who had been one of the first to encourage the painter's genius when his father kept the "Old Black Bear" at Devizes, where young Lawrence, long before he was ten years old, used to entertain the guests, both by his recitations and his portraits. Even after the death of her two daughters she could not stifle her fondness for the artist, for, though she refused to see him again, she expressed the wish that when she died she should be carried to her grave by Lawrence and her brother. As it happened, however, Lawrence himself was the first to die. The forthcoming correspondence, which has never been published before, will set this strange and much misunderstood romance once for all in the true light. Mr. George Allen is to publish the book.

Professor Justin H. Smith, the American historian, is continuing his story of "Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec" in a volume to be entitled, "Our Lost Empire: Canada," and published by Messrs. Putnam. Arnold's brilliant exploits would have made him one of America's national heroes but for the final act of treachery which led to his downfall. He was in command of the important post of West Point, on the Hudson River, but was so disgusted with the treatment which he had received from Congress that he agreed to betray it to the British. He fled to the Royal lines when the plot was discovered, and for some time commanded a corps under the British flag. Then he went to the West Indies, was captured by, and escaped from, the French, and subsequently settled in London, where he died in 1801. In addition to his continuation of "Arnold's March," Professor Smith has undertaken to write a history of the war between Mexico and the United States. He is at present travelling in Mexico for that purpose, and reports that President Diaz and his Ministers are taking the keenest interest in the work.

Lieutenant-General Sir James Browne, whose life by Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes is to be published by Mr. Murray, was "Buster Browne," the distinguished engineer of the Sukker Bridge and the Hurnai Railway, and must not be confused with that fine old Crimean veteran, General Sir James Frankfort Manners-Browne—another Royal Engineer—who can boast that he has worn his Sovereign's uniform, man and boy, since 1838. "Buster Browne" was born sixteen years later than Sir James Frankfort Manners-Browne, and besides commanding the Royal Engineers of the Indian contingent in the Egyptian war, went through at least three campaigns on the North-West Frontier. His biographer is another old officer of the Royal Engineers, and one of the V.C. heroes of the Indian Mutiny.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

"Christopher"

A little book that has come my way is noteworthy in inverse ratio to its size. It is entitled "The Views of Christopher," and carries a bright and characteristic preface by Mr. Coulson Kernahan. I am told that the anonymous writer, who has thus secured so distinguished a sponsor, is a gentleman I know. I confess myself quite unable to guess who he may be, but whoever he is, he is a man after my own heart; for there is much in his little book—which is a spirited protest against the decadence of our age—that I should have liked to have written myself! And, indeed, in a small way I have endeavoured to promote that spirit of idealism he advocates with so vigorous and forceful a style. When "Pagan London" is a melancholy and palpable fact, it is good to find a man who can say:

> We want men—men who stay out of the mud because they are clean by preference, and not because they lack the means or the opportunity to wallow in it if they chose. A handful of them could regenerate London in six months if only they belonged to the right swim.

Alas! the difficulty is to get that handful in "the right swim," since the worship of the money god has so demoralised every section and segment of society, the Church included, that the altruists are but voices crying in the wilderness. But something can be done, is being done, by writers who urge a forward reaching to nobler ideals, and this "Christopher" will do his part. It is a handy little book to slip into the pocket when going off on holiday, and I should rejoice to know that a good many tourists carried it with them.

Photo by *Travers*

Mr. Coulson Kernahan
Author of "A Dead Man's Diary, etc.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan

My readers will recall a recent reference of mine to the way in which the preface of a book is often paraphrased by the lazy reviewer. Mr. Kernahan, in his introduction to the little volume mentioned above, says that if it had been a book of his own writing, he would have prefaced it thus:

> The chief use of a preface is to give an overworked reviewer a cue whereby to say something of a book without being at the pains of reading it. As an overworked reviewer myself, I admit that, from such a point of view, much may be said in favour of a preface; but, in regard to this particular book, I must confess to a lingering prejudice in favour of the reviewer reading the work for himself.

From this I gather that Mr. Kernahan has had some experiences which tally with my own. But I cannot imagine even an overworked reviewer neglecting to read anything of Mr. Kernahan's, as he gives us far too little both of criticism and of fiction. It is more than three years since his last book appeared, and that was a collection of republished papers. I understand that we are to have a new work from him this autumn, which will be on the lines of his marvellously successful little book, "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil." And some time ago he completed a new novel somewhat in the vein of "Captain Shannon," which I suppose we may look for soon. It is entitled "The Jackal," and as I have had an opportunity of reading the advance sheets, I can state that it is full of the most dramatic situations and likely to be a popular success, for Mr. Kernahan is one of the few authors who have succeeded in cultivating two entirely opposite lines of writing: the poetic, spiritual allegory, and the sensational novel! My congratulations to him, by the way, on his birthday, which falls on Bank Holiday this year. He was born at Ilfracombe on August 1, 1858, but in every feature of his character he is an essential Irishman, and proud of his family connections with the green isle.

Publishers as Authors

Somehow I have a prejudice against a book that is published by its author. It seems an unnatural order of things to find the imprint a repetition of the writer's name, and

the public, oddly enough, appear to think so, too, as it is seldom that a book written by its publisher succeeds. But Mr. Evele'gh Nash, one of our youngest and most enterprising publishers, is going to defy this prejudice by issuing a novel which he has written himself, and which h· c ristens "The Bright Face of Danger." Many publishers, of course, have also played at authorship: Mr. Heinemann, for instance, has issued at least three plays of his own writing; Mr John Lane has done a little, chiefly by way of bibliography; and Mr. John Murray has edited several books published by his famous house. But authors who have ventured into publishing have nearly always achieved conspicuous failure. One remembers the sad case of the late Robert Buchanan, and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome took a leading part in starting a short-lived firm called McClure and Co., which published one of his books, and a few by other authors, Mr. W. L. Alden, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, and Mr. Frank Mathew among the number; while the firm of Ward and Downey, founded by Mr. Edmund Downey, who has written many delightful Irish stories under the *nom de plume* of "F. M. Allen," has not come to great things, though it had some prosperous times. No; experience seems to prove that authors and publishers require abilities seldom or never co-existing in the one person.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Mrs. Cunninghame-Graham
Author and Dramatist

Mrs. Cunninghame-Graham

I have pleasure in adding to our portrait gallery of literary notables the latest photograph of Mrs. Cunninghame-Graham, the accomplished wife and occasional *collaborateur* of an author who, to my mind, is one of the most brilliant, original, and virile writers of our time, and perhaps one of the least appreciated. Mrs. Cunninghame-Graham, who is a lady of great personal charm, is the daughter of Don Francisco José de la Balmondière, a Spanish grandee; but, oddly enough, Mrs. Graham would pass for a beautiful English lady, while her Scottish husband would have the greatest difficulty in persuading anyone who did not know him that he was not a Spaniard. Together they have roamed the world, for Mr. Graham has all the wandering instinct of the Scot in his blood; but of recent years they have been settled in Sloane Street. Perhaps Mrs. Cunninghame-Graham is best known as a playwright, several of her pieces having been staged in London, notably her adaptation of *A Cigarette Maker's Romance*, in which Mr. Martin Harvey appeared. Some of her literary work was included in her husband's volume of essays, "Father Archangel of Scotland," published eight years ago.

Plagiarising One's Own

Here is a question raised some little time back by a New York literary periodical: May one without explanation re-use one's own ideas? It is a point which many of our leading authors, both past and present, have settled by "plagiarising" freely from their own works. Perhaps Mr. J. M. Barrie has done so more than any of his contemporaries, and in his last book, "The Little White Bird," there were at least two chapters adapted, with very slight alteration, from some of his earlier writings; while Mr. Jerome K. Jerome similarly reproduces, as part and parcel of his masterly story, "Paul Kelver," a charmingly sentimental little sketch, which he wrote a good few years before as his introduction to that interesting volume wherein a number of eminent authors gave reminiscences of their "first books." Thackeray, Victor Hugo, Daudet, and even so scrupulous an artist as De Maupassant, followed the same practice, while not long ago a critic pointed out that Goldsmith had sanctioned this sort of plagiarism when he wrote in "The Citizen of the World": "The ties that bind me to my native country and you are still unbroken; by every remove I only drag a greater length of chain." His earlier lines in "The Traveller" are familiar to all, when he tells us that his heart:

> Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
> And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

The answer to the question is, of course, that a man is entitled to do what he will with his own.

A Life of Hood

Some years ago, a literary friend of mine told me that he was ambitious of writing a life of Thomas Hood. I agreed as to the need of such a work, for the memoir compiled by his son and daughter in 1860 is a most unsatisfactory and almost valueless work. Now comes the news that Mr. Walter Jerrold is engaged on the task of providing an adequate biography of an author whose life-story might well furnish a most fascinating book. Mr. Jerrold, who is a grandson of Douglas Jerrold, is certainly in full sympathy with his subject, and if he but resist the temptation to a rather journalistic style and sketchiness, as betrayed in his monograph on George Meredith, he may produce a book of real value.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Stimy Attacked

Our old friend, the "Stimy," having had a long period of undisturbed repose, has now been rudely disturbed from its slumbers by a renewed attack on the part of Mr. Horace Hutchinson and Dr. Purves. In this question of the stimy there are three schools of thought. First, there are the staunch adherents, who will not hear of any alteration; secondly, there are the partial abolitionists, consisting of two sub-divisions, one desiring a solution of the problem by a system of giving the stimied player the option of removing the intervening ball, on the understanding that the opponent shall be held to have holed out in the next stroke, the other sub-division claiming that the player shall only be called upon to negotiate a stimy which has been caused by his own fault; while, lastly, there are the total abolitionists, to whom the stimy is an accursed abomination, a pest to be hunted down and exterminated like a poisonous reptile. I had better, perhaps, make my position in the matter clear before examining the various schools of thought, and I proceed at once to nail my colours to the mast, and declare myself an out-and-out defender of the stimy. But it behoves a writer on the game to approach such thorny questions as these in a calm and philosophical spirit, and endeavour to meet the claims of the attackers, not with vehement and dogmatic counter-assertions, but with reasoned and dispassionate argument.

Pros and Cons

Now, of the classes I have enumerated, and I think I have left out no shade of thought or opinion, I have absolutely no sympathy or patience with that sub-division which wishes to regulate the matter by a rule calling upon the player to deal with a stimy only when that ticklish position has come about through his own fault. I do not think that such a proposal comes within the meaning of practical golf politics. For how in the world is the subtle question to be solved as to whose fault it is, whether player's or opponent's, that the stimy has been laid? The player whose ball is lying within 18 inches of the hole, and whose opponent in the odd or the like, putts and lays his ball dead between his adversary's ball and the hole, thereby robbing him of a certain hole or half unless he can negotiate the stimy, naturally would assert that the stimy had arisen through no fault of his, and would claim to have the intervening ball removed; whereas the opponent would naturally carry the argument one stage or stroke further back, and would no doubt assert that the player had contributed to the laying of the stimy by not putting his ball in the previous stroke so near to the hole or in such a position that no stimy could possibly be laid. You would then have interminable arguments, and it would need a very wise Solomon indeed to settle the question in a manner satisfactory to both sides.

A Truce to Conundrums

No; we have enough conundrums already at golf, and heaven forbid that we should add to their number. Let us always, as far as possible, in altering rules or making new ones, make the decision turn on facts which are clear and indisputable. So I think we may rule that sub-division out, as endeavouring to alter the existing state of affairs in an impracticable way. There still remain, then, the total abolitionists and the "give-your-opponent-the-next-putt-in" division. The proposal of the latter sounds extremely fair—only to be allowed to remove the adversary's ball, on condition that you give him in the next putt, seems a very reasonable proposition, some of the adherents of this school even going further, and saying that they would only allow this system to take effect in the Amateur Championship, leaving the present rule untouched for the general body of the game. But, whether you retain or abolish the stimy, I fancy the majority of players would agree that it would be most unwise to make any special rule for the Amateur Championship, differentiating it from the ordinary game. The rest of the "give-the-next-putt-in" school I look upon as merely a wing of the total abolitionist force. For if you once begin to meddle with the stimy question, you would not be able to stay at the half-way house. Total abolitionists would cry out at the injustice of being called upon to give their adversary the next putt in, and would clamour to have the last vestige of the stimy removed.

Let Well Alone

But why, I would ask, why meddle with the stimy? The stimy has come down to us from hoary antiquity; it has always been part of the game, and it is a distinctive and very dexterous and sometimes difficult stroke of the game. I have seen many stimies negotiated at most critical stages of important matches, and I hold that they call out the important qualities of nerve and pluck from the player who has to surmount them. Finally, if you are going to abolish the stimy on the ground of its unfairness, why not go further and lay it down that all balls driven straight from the tee to an equal distance shall have exactly the same sort of lie. You would have to go on, my friends, and rule out all luck from the game, and when you had succeeded in doing this, you would have done a fine day's work by reducing golf to the level of the sport of shooting in a rifle gallery.

Ernest Lehmann

LAWN TENNIS: The Redhill Tournament

In exceedingly fine weather, the Third Annual Open Tournament, at Redhill, was brought to a successful close on Saturday, July 23. There was an additional event this year, namely, the Men's Open Doubles.

Thompson Challenge Cup.—There was a good entry for this event, the names including A. F. Wilding, S. H. Adams, (holder), A. D. Prebble, Dr. Pearce, F. W. Goldberg, E. L. Bristow, etc.

A. F. Wilding passed easily through each round, the best contest being that between him and S. H. Adams; the latter, unfortunately, having mislaid his racket, was not able to do himself full justice. Wilding met A. D Prebble in the final round, and won 6—0, 6—1 (retired).

Dr. F. H. Pearce
Who unsuccessfully contested the Thompson Challenge Cup

A feature that, perhaps, deserves special mention, was the fine standard of play shown by the ladies in the Tournament, among whom were Miss Morton and Miss Boothby and the Misses Tripp, Miss Rita Searle, Miss Ripley, Miss Farrington, Miss King-Stephens, Miss A. K. Daniell, Miss Lloyd-Turner, Miss Goldberg, Mrs. Young, and Miss Ella Woods, all of whom showed fine quality play, and there is little doubt that, with a very little more tournament play, many of these latter would become dangerous competitors in the Open Tournament at Wimbledon

In the Ladies' Open Event Miss Morton again repeated her triumph, winning for the second time the Challenge Bowl. Miss Boothby, who had been playing in the early part of the week, winning laurels for her county in the North, was her opponent in the final round. Score: 6—4, 6—2.

Play in the Semi-Finals at Redhill Tournament

Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.

Special arrangements have been made to set apart a portion of our advertising space for the insertion of particulars of vehicles for disposal, belonging to private owners, at reduced rates.

Ostend Speed Trials

This race-meeting, organised by the Automobile Clubs of Antwerp and Flanders, has come to a successful conclusion. Helped by fine weather and a strong wind, blowing down the course, many records were broken and some astonishing speeds reached. Baras, on a 80 h.-p. Darracq, covered 609 metres of a standing mile contest in 13 3-5th seconds, thus being the first automobilist to achieve 100 miles an hour by official timing. This sensational record was, however, surpassed by Rigolly, when he drove his 100 h.-p. Gobron-Brillié at no less a velocity than 103½ miles an hour. We are getting used to pace, but that such speeds are possible on a machine steered by a human being is still a matter for wonder.

Oil Troubles

The Parisians are complaining of the way that the motors which traverse the streets of their charming city are over-lubricated, and the authorities are taking steps to stop that well-known blue haze of half-burnt oil which proceeds from the exhaust box of so many cars—the Pognon and other similar plugs which stand any amount of oil without missing fire are doubtless partly responsible. Paris, however, is taking to oil in another form, some of the principal roads having recently been treated with "Westrumite." This present hot dry weather is a severe test, and I doubt if the new oil compound will stand it.

Motor Mountaineering

Not content with climbing the Rocher de Nez on a car, Captain Deasy has been taking a summer holiday in the Alps. In twelve days he has driven a 16-20 h.-p. Martini over Swiss passes, whose total altitude was 185,000 feet, his chief climbs being the Col de Forclaz, the Mount Chavirn, and the Galibier passes. From all accounts, the car ran perfectly, neither the engine nor the tyres requiring to be touched. There will soon

Racing at Ostend: Hanriot at top speed on his Bayard-Clément
Hanriot made the world's record for light cars, covering a mile in 56 seconds

The Ostend Races: Baras, the first to attain a speed of 100 miles an hour by official timing

Baras is seen in the illustration, in his 80 h.-p. Darracq, in which he attained a speed of 101.6 miles an hour

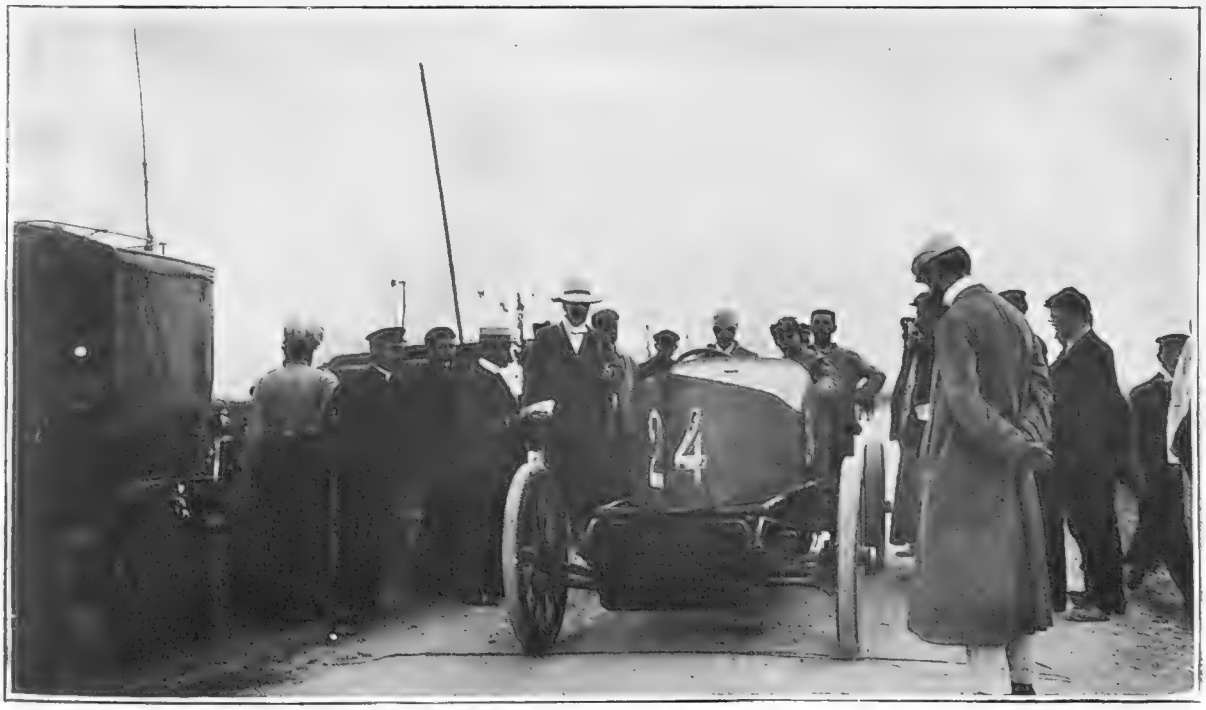
be no suitable mountains left unclimbed, and as long-distance non-stop runs are becoming common, those who want a good advertisement must think of something fresh.

A Motor on Rails

Mr. Chas. J. Glidden, who is taking a spin round the world, believes in variety, and on his way to the World's Fair at St. Louis over 1,000 miles will be travelled on railway lines. The railway company have given their permission, a special set of railway wheels have been prepared to fit upon his car, and he will thus be enabled to use it as a private railway train. This is probably the first time it has been done, and I await with interest such particulars as—can corners be taken at a good speed? and is the car heavy enough to run fast without jumping dangerously?

"Halt, or I Fire!"

At Long Island, U.S.A., a policeman took a pot-shot with his revolver at a car which he thought was exceeding the limit. He aimed at the



The Ostend Races: Rigolly, the Record-breaker

Sensational as was Baras' performance at Ostend, it was eclipsed by Rigolly, who drove his 100 h.-p. Gobron-Brillié at a speed of 103½ miles per hour

tyres (thinking, no doubt, that a burst would be fatal), but the bullet passed between the legs of the owner and lodged in the carriage work. When the matter came before the authorities, the driver declared that he did not hear the order to stop; while the police officer said that he had instruction from headquarters to shoot at cars driving at a dangerous speed if they refused to stop when called upon to do so. Taking the number of a car and a consequent summons is a more prosaic method, but perhaps the better one.

Stone Throwing

I regret to say that I have heard this week of two instances of stones thrown at cars—in both cases no damage was done. So dangerous, however, is such a practice that motorists would be well advised if such a thing does happen to take the trouble to bring the offenders to justice, even in an instance where the stone misses the mark altogether.

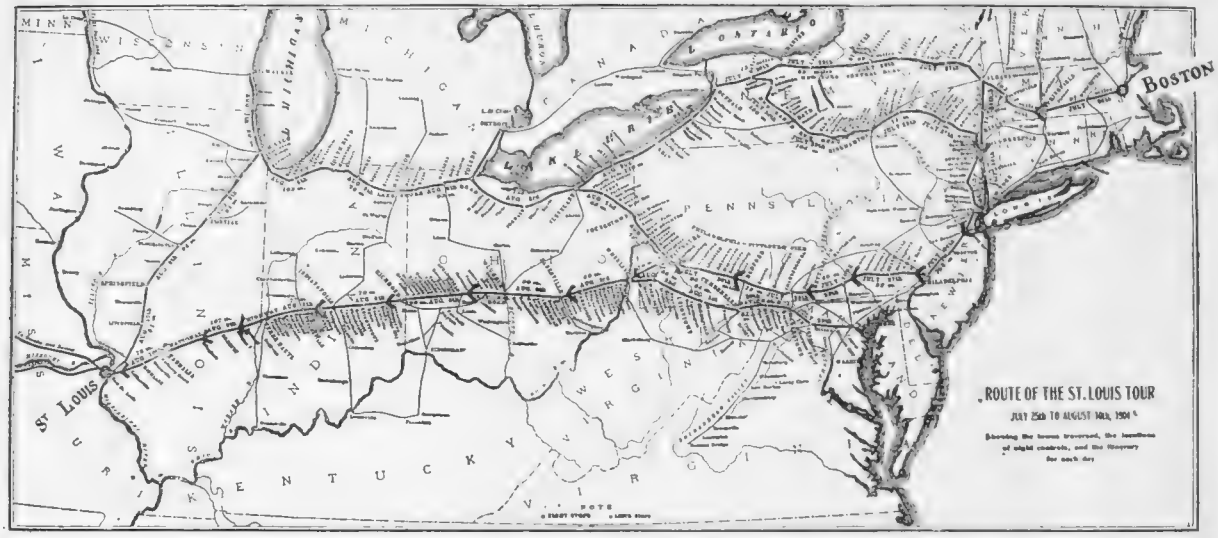
Circuit des Ardennes

The Panhard firm have regained their supremacy, and have taken the first two places in this famous race. Heath, the winning driver, covered the 370 miles in 6 hrs. 30 min. 43 sec., and Teste was only a minute longer. A heavy rain-storm laid the dust, but caused a little slipping; the average speed of 56½ miles an hour is therefore good. A. H.

Answers to Correspondents

H. C. S.—Have placed your order for an 8 h.-p. car with the Wolseley Motor Car Company upon the most advantageous terms as regards delivery. They will communicate with you direct as to painting and upholstering, etc.

S. E. L.—The 10 to 12 h.-p. car you mention is quite a sound car, and the Company are a good English firm, and you are in safe hands; the only thing against it is the fact that the Company have not had enough experience in building cars, and you would be likely to have more repairs than if you bought a car such as the Gladiator, Renault, De Dion, or Argyle.



On Tour Round the World: Mr. Charles J. Glidden's Route to St. Louis

Mr. Glidden is touring the world on a 24 h.-p. Napier, and his car will be exhibited at the St. Louis Exhibition, August 15 to September 1, after which he will continue his route to the Pacific Coast

Police Traps

I am very glad to learn from letters received that my list of traps is being appreciated. I have only to add that if any motorist caught in a regular trap, other than those already mentioned, will at once wire me particulars for insertion in this list, I shall be pleased to forward him for the ensuing twelve weeks a copy of this paper gratis. To the long list given last week I append five traps:

BE CAREFUL

At Buckden and Brampton, both near Huntingdon.
Between Byfleet and Addlestone.
Constitutional Hill, in London.
Near the Chained Bull Hotel, on the road between Leeds and Harrogate.
Outside Southampton, on the main road to London.

Woldion.—You say that you require a two-seater for week-ends and occasional use. Out of the two cars which you fancy, we have no hesitation in saying that the De Dion 6 h.-p. voiturette is undoubtedly the better. It is a fast car and a good hill-climber. The gears are, perhaps, more complicated, but if you take the trouble to study them, they should present very little difficulty. Finally, if you are a careful driver, and are not likely to forget the engine lubrication, which is so important in a high-speed engine, have the De Dion.

Click.—The noise at the end of your live axle may possibly be due to a loose spoke, but more probably is a broken ball; if the latter, replace all the balls in the bearing, so as to ensure them being of uniform size.

NOTICE TO MOTORISTS

Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in these pages, for which we are reserving space.

We believe that by doing this we shall be providing a long-felt want to motor lovers, as many bargains, agreeable to both parties, may thus be arranged.

The cost of these small Advertisements to our readers will be 1s. per line, with a minimum cost of five shillings. Advertisements, which must be prepaid, should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.

BY LOCK AND WEIR.

River Rowdyism

All river men will be extremely grateful to the *Daily Telegraph* for its recent articles headed "Rowdies on the River." For some time past the conduct of those in charge of what, for want of a better term, may be called cheap tripper launches, has given rise to a great deal of annoyance and unfavourable comment, and both in passing along the stream and in getting into the locks, the comfort and, in many cases, the safety of those who occupy smaller pleasure craft is utterly disregarded. We venture to think that this reproach does not apply to those who own and maintain launches for their private use; but those belonging to the first-mentioned class are, by their careless navigation, gradually washing away the banks and damaging the trees of the upper reaches, and it certainly is not right that pleasant afternoons should be disturbed at frequent intervals by the disgusting remarks and unseemly behaviour of the shouting, card-playing, and often more or less intoxicated crowds who are yearly making less enjoyable what we have always looked upon as England's loveliest and quietest highway. The time has come when it behoves the Thames Conservancy to combine with the authorities of the different villages and towns on the banks in taking steps which shall, once and for all, put a stop to conduct which is little short of scandalous.

Marlow Week

This is Marlow week, and, as usual, the energetic and hard-working secretary, Mr. Alfred Davis, has arranged a most attractive programme, consisting of several cricket matches and a flower-show, winding up with the regatta on Saturday and a water carnival and fireworks in the evening. The

Molesey Regatta: General view of course and crowd

If Henley is the "Classic" Regatta of the year, Molesey is the "Popular" one and in point of numbers and good sport comes closer to its great rival every year

Molesey Regatta: Scene from the lawn of Garrick Villa

Through the kindness of Mr. Clifton Robinson, the owner of Garrick Villa, a portion of the splendid lawn, which is one of the finest along the banks of the Thames, was thrown open to visitors

town is full of visitors: Madame Melba, who is at her pretty house which nestles away high up among the trees of Quarry Woods, is often to be seen on the river just now; Mr. and Mrs. Boyton are making good use of their new electric launch; and Sir H. Vansittart Neale has let Bisham Abbey to Mr. R. L. Tooth for a couple of months.

Lock Gardens

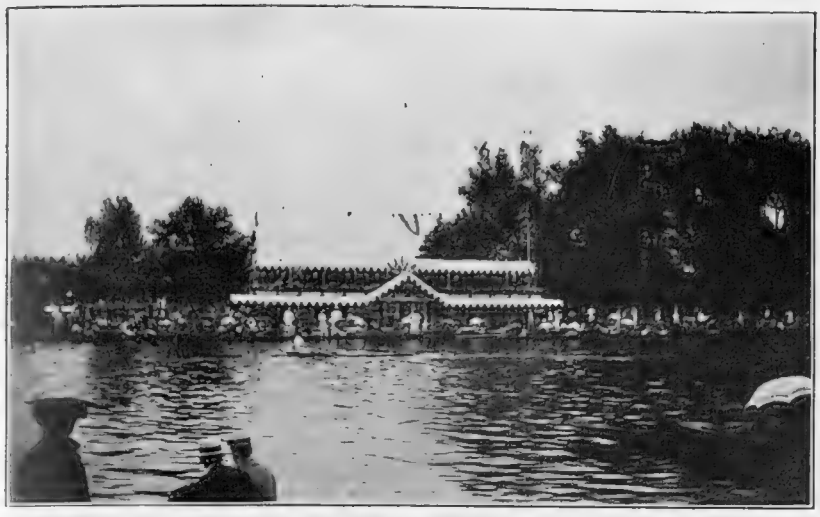
W. Simpkins, of Temple Lock, just above Marlow, and G. Yeates, of Goring Lock, have obtained the first prizes for the best-kept lock gardens this year, and others which have been thought worthy of notice by the Thames Conservancy Committee are Cleeve, Culham, Abingdon, Benson Boveney, Bantlers, and Marsh Locks. Sir Reginald Hanson, who takes such a keen interest in all matters connected with the river, and who doubtless realises what an excellent affair this competition is, presents a silver cup to the lock-keeper who has the most attractive garden year by year, but the award for 1904 has not yet been made.

Up-River Regattas

Molesey Regatta, second only to Henley, both for racing and attendance, was a huge success this year, thanks in a large measure to the able management of Mr. C. W. Kent, and a record crowd was present to witness the various events In the Senior Eights, Thames beat London in the second heat after leading for the whole distance, and eventually meeting Molesey in the final, secured the prize winning by 1¾ lengths. The finals for the Hastie Memorial Cup (Garrick Pairs) and the Senior Sculls were very one-sided affairs. The race for the Junior Sculls was, unfortunately, spoiled by a foul, but some good form was shown by the five crews who entered for the Thames Cup Eights, the London R. C. being declared the winners after a tough struggle. The pretty little regattas held at Goring and Windsor took place last Saturday, and amongst the crowd of features for the next week or two, Cookham and Weybridge on August 11th, Sunbury on the 18th, and Wargrave on the 20th are likely to prove most interesting, at all events from what is now becoming an essential feature with all up-river regattas, the social point of view.

Marsh Lock

There can be no doubt that the present glorious summer has been the means of regaining for the Thames, as a holiday resort, all its former popularity, and the memory of the last two, to put it very mildly, damp, river seasons is fast fading into oblivion. The reach between Henley and Sonning is attracting more visitors



Finish of the Senior Sculls Final

J. Beresford, Kensington R. C., getting away quickly, won easily, his opponent retiring opposite the tents

than ever before, and never, except on the three Royal Regatta days, have so many boats of all sorts passed through Marsh Lock as during the last few Sundays; indeed, it is gradually becoming quite a serious rival to the famous Boulter's as a gathering-place where "fair women and brave men" can pass an hour or two before lunch, or in the cool of the evening, watch the manœuvres of the different parties negotiating the passage through the locks, incidentally noting the pretty dresses and their charming wearers.

Another view of the lawn at Garrick Villa during a race

The famous lawn was crowded almost to inconvenience, and afforded the gayest of sights with its decorations of bunting and flags

Hemerton backwater, and after a stroll in the pretty little village of Wargrave, one can lunch with landlord Wicks and his good kind wife at the "White Hart." Here, by the way, is generally to be found a goodly sprinkling of veteran rowing men, and often seated at the head of the table old "Ted" Parlow, looked up to and respected by all the youngsters of the London R. C. "Ted" was one of the crew who won the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley for this club in 1874, and all the other members of the crew are still alive, living contradictions of the statement that man's life. Then, paddling racing shortens a homeward as the shadows are falling, after a day spent amidst such pleasant surroundings, one cannot fail to experience a deep sense of gratitude for the quiet hours spent so far away from the noise and bustle of London Town upon that "tiny silver thread" which, as Mr. Ashby Sterry so happily puts it, "represents such an infinite kingdom of enjoyment, such an empire of poetry, and such a world of romance."

R. B. B.

Henley to Sonning

With an excellent train service on the Great Western Railway, no more enjoyable day on the river can be conceived than an early start from Henley up-stream, past Wargrave and Shiplake, to lunch at Sonning, either at the "French Horn" or the "White Hart," the two picturesque inns which face one another by the bridge, returning by way of the Patrick stream and Lodden River. For those who, during the hot weather, prefer

Not to be doing but to be,

a quiet morning can be spent in

Finish of Thames Cup Fours Final

When they came in view of the lawn, Molesey were leading by a length, and, keeping well ahead, won a good race

PUNTING: THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP AT SHEPPERTON

J. H. Secker: Winner of the Championship Bowl and Cup

Nicholson held Secker for a time, but the latter gradually drew away and won easily

The Championship Doubles

Mullings and Secker (farther punt) beat Capon and Symons-Jeune by half a length

BISLEY: THE KING'S PRIZE GOES TO CANADA

The Prince and Princess of Wales behind the firing line

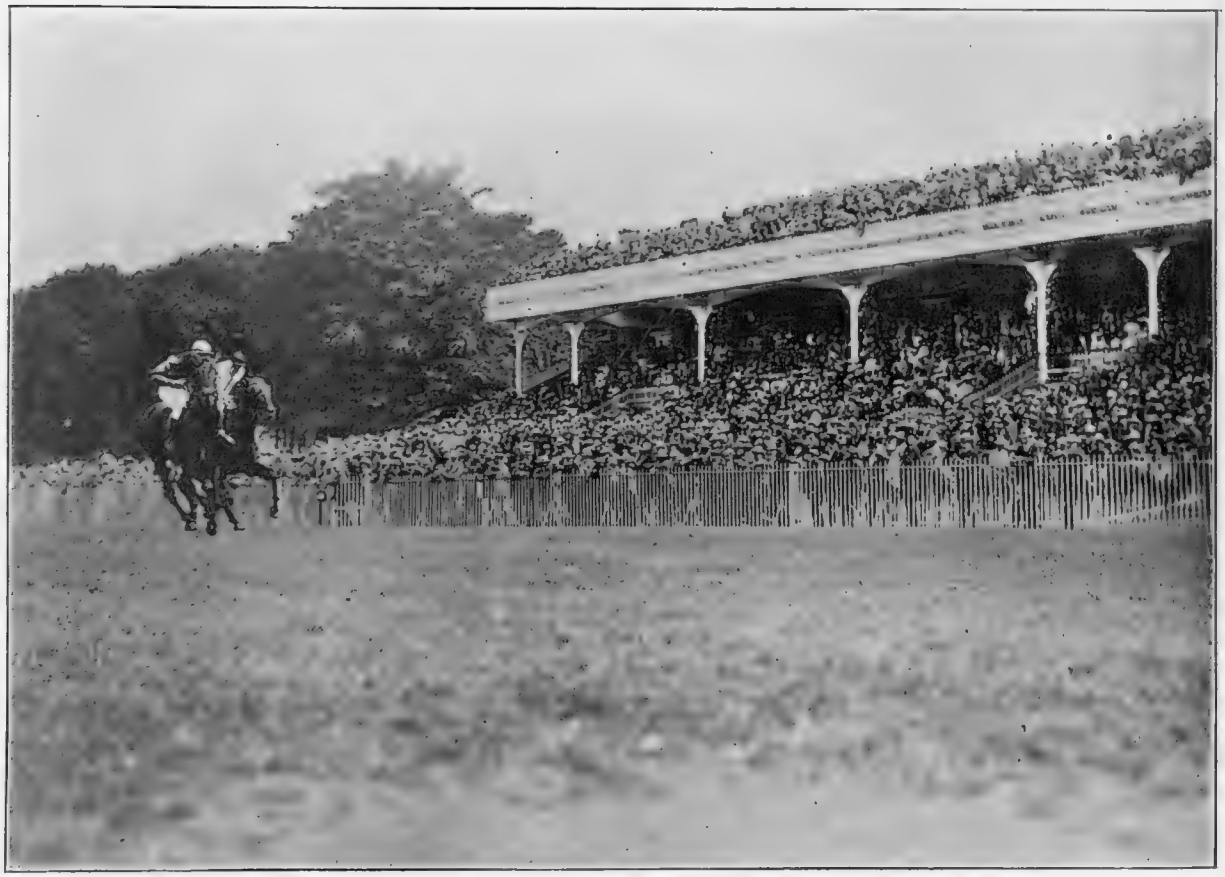
The Prince shook hands with Perry, the Winner of the King's Prize, and warmly congratulated him on his victory. The winner came in for further compliments when, amid great enthusiasm, he was presented by the Princess of Wales with the gold medal

The King's Prize Winner, Private S. J. Perry, 6th British Columbia Regiment, Canada, about to be chaired

Chairing the King's Prize Winner is an exciting feature of the victory. On this occasion the office was performed by the Canadian team to the exultant strains of "The Maple Leaf for Ever"

GOODWOOD MEETING: SOCIETY FILLS THE NEW STANDS

View of the Course and Stands
The new stands constructed by the Duke of Richmond were the subject of much favourable comment during the day



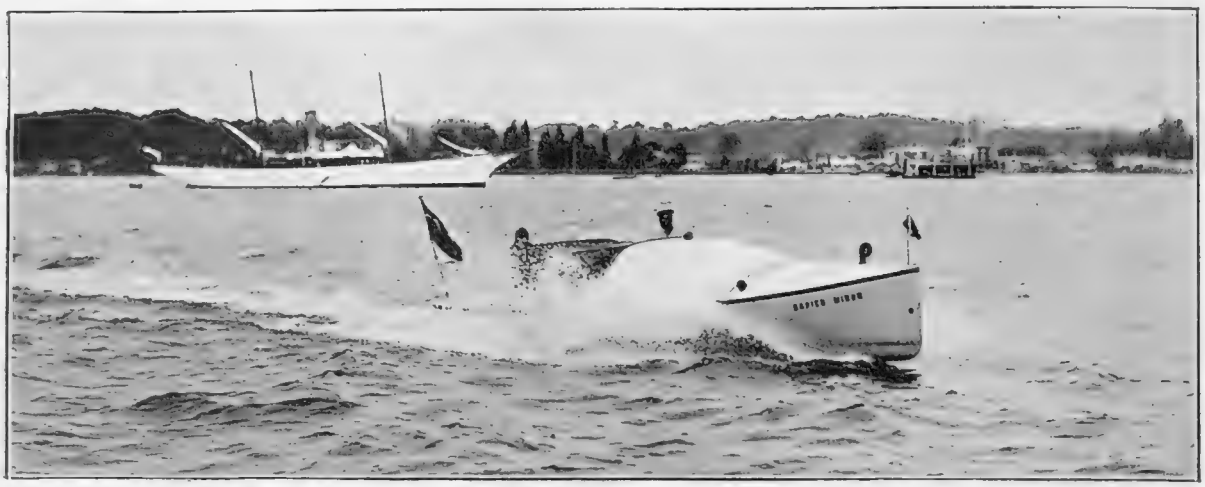
Finish of the Gratwicke Stakes: Lord Harewood's "Almscliff" (D. Maher up) the Winner
"Almscliff" was an odds-on favourite and won by a length and a half

GOODWOOD MEETING: THE STEWARDS' CUP

Finish for the Stewards' Cup: "Melayr" an easy Winner
A tamer Stewards' Cup has seldom been witnessed, "Melayr," at the long price of 40 to 1, winning in a common canter

Mr. J. M. Kerne's "Melayr," Winner of the Stewards' Cup
A pleasant feature of this race was the success of W. Griggs, who broke a succession of forty-four losers

THE MOTOR-BOAT TRIALS AT SOUTHAMPTON



Mr. S. F. Edge's Napier Minor (55 h.-p.), Winner of the Kaiser's Cup at Kiel

Napier Minor quite outclassed her competitors, covering 148½ knots at a speed of 14¼ knots per hour

Messrs. J. W. Brooke and Co.'s Petrol Launch, "The Baby" (14 h.-p.)

"The Baby" attracted attention by her neat appearance and turn of speed

Mr. J. M. Gorham's Daimler (28 h.-p.) Leaving Dock

Mr. Gorham's Daimler retired after completing eight laps. So much importance was attached to these trials, which took place last week, that the Admiralty appointed three representatives and the War Office two, to watch their progress

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

[The Editor feels it necessary to disclaim any responsibility for Calpurnia's opinions. It is as well to give a fair contributor who feels she has a grievance the opportunity of giving vent to it occasionally. Such outbursts clear the air, if they do nothing else.]

What shall we do with our Girls?

The question "What shall we do with our boys?" seems to be a topic of perennial interest, and it is asked and answered in various ways often enough in periodicals of all sorts. The question "What shall we do with our girls?" is very seldom asked, and is answered only in the way of suggesting occupations for those who are obliged to set about earning their own living directly they have reached years of more or less discretion. For the girls of the leisured classes it is so generally understood that the only answer is "Find them a husband as soon as possible" that we are apt to forget that there is usually an interval of some years between the time the girl leaves school, or her governess, and the time she marries, and that this interval is a most important one from the point of view of the formation of character.

The Housekeeping Question

Now I am old-fashioned enough to think that the sphere of the great majority of women is still the home, and for the girl of the upper classes this is true whether her ultimate fate is marriage or spinsterhood. And I therefore think that the duties and responsibilities of the home ought to be taught in a far more regular and purposeful way than they are at present. I think that every girl, as soon as she is set free from the schoolroom, ought to be taught housekeeping. As things are at present, a girl who marries between the ages of, let us say, twenty and twenty-five, takes up her housekeeping as something entirely new, and has to learn by sheer experience, and perhaps pay for her knowledge in hard cash at a time when hard cash is often of paramount importance. Housekeeping is not a difficult thing to learn, but it is an important thing, and I see no reason why it should not be learnt at an early stage in a more systematic way than is common at present. I do not wish to waste time by going into details of how this could be done, as I have something more important to talk about; and that is the formation of character at an impressionable age.

Young Men and Maidens

Just compare the outlook for a boy at the time he finishes his school or college education, and a girl when she "comes out." A young man when he has left school, or a few years later when he has done with Oxford or Cambridge, makes a definite start in life, and in his profession or business career, or whatever it may be, has a definite object for his energies. A girl at the same age usually puts all restraints of constant occupation behind her, and has nothing to look forward to but a life as amusing as it may be made, which shall last until such time as a new home of her own shall once more give her something upon which her thoughts may centre themselves. Such an outlook is generally accepted as a dangerous thing for a young man who has no career to occupy his thoughts. Why should its perils be any less in the case of a girl?

The Perils of Idleness

It may be admitted that, as a matter of fact, they are rather less. A young man who is in the position of not being obliged to work has freedom to do what he likes and go where he likes, while a girl is able to be idle but not able to be independent. But when this has been said, the fact remains that even with those limitations there are perils in a life which is on the whole given up to mere amusement, and it is the greatest compliment I can pay to our sex to say that a mode of life which would spoil the character of nine out of ten men should be the one which, in our wisdom, we choose for our girls, and from which they usually emerge unscathed. Still, we must all try to better things where we can, and I think it would be a distinct advantage if we came to recognise more clearly the fact that a girl who has left the schoolroom has not learnt everything worth learning; that, indeed, her character has yet to be formed in the school of life; and that discipline is an important factor in the formation of character.

Occupations

So we come back to the original question, "What shall we do with our girls?" and I suggest that every girl should be encouraged to take up some pursuit seriously, and to devote certain hours of the day to it. The pursuit must be one in which the girl is interested for its own sake, and with which her thoughts will be occupied, whether she is actually at work on it or not. I have space only to suggest one such pursuit, which is unaccountably neglected in this country, and that is a definite study of English literature. In America, where girls are put through a college training after they have left school more frequently than in England, an intelligent woman will usually be found to possess a general knowledge of English literature far in advance of anything you will find in equally intelligent women in this country. Many of us read copiously, but in a very desultory manner, and with no fixed aim. Our appreciation of good literature would be greatly increased if we had made at some time of our life a systematic study of it. Some women do this in after life because they have come to feel the want of it. But how much better it would be to do it when our minds are plastic and leisure and opportunities are abundant. I commend this idea to those whose daughters have finished their schoolroom days and are not yet of an age to marry. I will return to the subject another time and suggest some ways of carrying it out.

CALPURNIA.

The Connoisseur.

An Interesting Collection of Glass

The amateur of the minor decorative arts, especially of those which flourished during the last two centuries in this country, will find no small interest in the collection of old glass at present on loan from that indefatigable connoisseur of the antique, Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham, to South Kensington Museum. So far, the cult of glass has not been very ardently pursued, and therefore the

A Queen Anne mug with a coin inset in stand, and a large "rummer" engraved with the legend "Long Live King William IV. and Reform"

present exhibit of examples of this ware, in general use during the last two centuries, is of great educational value to those who wish to give more consideration to the subject. The production of glass is, of course, among the oldest of applied arts, and many nations of antiquity have shared in the glories of its production. M. Jacquemart, the accomplished and scientific writer and collector, said, in effect, that the ancients handled glass with a skill unsurpassed either by the marvellous artists of Murano or by modern industry, which has made great advances, thanks to the discoveries of chemistry. Thus, whether the collector seeks the simple amphora or the "guttus" of common glass, unadorned except by form, charming in its iridescent coating, the work of time, which exfoliates the surface in coloured scales, or whether search be made for the *mille fiori* cups, vases of double layers like the Portland, or glasses in enamelled relief, he will find in antique glass a valuable auxiliary and one that will give variety and effect to his cabinets.

The Glassware of the Venetians

The oldest works of Venice are the most perfect and marvellous. Byzantium may have inspired the Venetian masters of the art, but there is no doubt that under whatever influences or direction, Venice produced the work of the utmost splendour. But the great days of this art are so far away and the remains so few, that the collection of such pieces is only suitable to the princes among collectors, for whom M. Jacquemart wrote. It is the latter-day work, and especially the English productions during the last two centuries, that offer a possible field for the acute and enthusiastic amateur at the present time. Pictures, prints, furniture, gems, ivories, bronzes, jades, and a thousand other pleasing vanities have held the collector in thrall so long, that each year now sees the field of his endeavour become less fruitful and more restricted. Although late in the day for a new connoisseurship, one may justly say that Mr. Jerningham has done no small work towards popularising still another hobby. The domestic glass of the day before yesterday, although appreciated by many a possessor, had not passed into a popular cult until the loans of Mr. Jerningham and others gave the interested an opportunity of studying many examples in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

English Specimens

From each of the last three centuries have been garnered specimens, always historically interesting, often of æsthetic value. In the past these are periods that have been a good deal neglected by the collector of antique glass, and thus there is a fair field open for the enthusiastic and moderately provided snapper-up of interesting trifles. The harvesting of seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth century English glass may be said to be a liberal and a liquid art at present; the subject has still to be reduced to that hard cold science which must inevitably be the result of increased study. "Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy" one is thankful that too much is not already known, and we can adventure among the forgotten masterpieces of the glass-maker's art with a light heart. But it is by no means only the masterpieces that are of interest. The glasses, once of everyday use, which have now passed completely out of our civilisation, have left some few neglected and belated

A small collection of Jacobean glasses, the largest of which is ten inches in height, the property of Charles Edward Jerningham, Esq.

The Bystander, August 3, 1904

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 35.—Vol. III. Wednesday, August 3, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

GILLOWS

(WARING & GILLOW, Ltd.)

Telephone Nos. 30 PADDINGTON. 2347 GERRARD.

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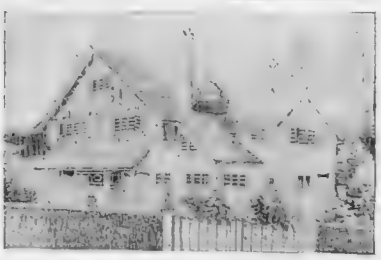
GILLOW'S LISTS of Residential Estates, Country Houses, and Sportings in Two Parts, obtainable post free six stamps.
I. Estates and Houses Unfurnished.
II. Furnished Mansions and Shootings.

BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA.—1 minute of sea & 5 minutes of station.

Messrs. Gillows will SELL by AUCTION at the White Hart Hotel, Margate, on Wednesday, August 17, at 6 o'clock in the evening, as a whole or in separate lots, the picturesque brick-built MARINE BUNGALOW, known as "Orion," Spencer Road. The accommodation: 3 sitting, 7 bedroom, charming grounds, tennis lawn, orchard, flower garden, detached stabling for 3, coach-house & cottage adjoining, kitchen garden, greenhouse.

FREEHOLD BUILDING SITES, with frontages to excellent roads.

Particulars & conditions of Sale of Messrs. WONTNER & SONS, Solicitors, 19, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.; at the White Hart Hotel, Margate: Mr. COUSINS, Station Approach, Birchington: or of the Auctioneers, 406, Oxford Street, London, W.



A CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED SURREY COTTAGE TO BE SOLD.—This pretty little RESIDENCE, situate at Purley, containing: 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom (h. & c.), & standing in an acre of ground, well laid out, with tennis lawn, pleasure & kitchen garden, near excellent golf links, with good hunting close by. Photos and plans of the Agents. £1,550. (12,368)

DURHAM (near West Hartlepool).—To be SOLD, a very fine old Family RESIDENCE, containing: spacious hall, 5 reception, 7 best bedrooms, ample servants' accommodation, bathroom. The house heated throughout with hot-air pipes, gas & water laid on. Stabling for 4, 2 cottages, beautifully-timbered grounds of 4 acres. Price, £4,500. (12,380)

HORSHAM & GUILDFORD (between), on L. B. & S. C. Rly.—To be SOLD, a charming Bijou RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), grounds of 3 acres, trout stream, 2 good cottages, substantial outbuildings. Price, £2,500. (12,350)

Interior of Hall.

BANKS OF THE THAMES.—To be SOLD, a picturesque RESIDENCE, situate in a quaint old Oxford village. Accommodation: 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, well-timbered old grounds, with tennis and croquet lawn, orchard and meadow. Stabling and farmery, and extensive outbuildings. Price, £3,000. To LET on Lease. (12,374)

UNIQUE POSITION.
WITHIN FOUR MILES' RADIUS.
CHARMING RESIDENCE.
20 ACRES, LAKE, ORCHARD.

A REALLY BEAUTIFUL PROPERTY, in perfect state of repair throughout, & fitted with every modern convenience, standing high in well-wooded & laid-out grounds of 20 acres, with lawns, orchard, paddocks, &c.; 14 bed & dressing, 3 bath & 6 handsome reception rooms, very fine winter gardens, capital offices, stabling for 8, 3 cottages, grand ranges of glass, &c. (40,167)

PUTNEY HEATH.—To be SOLD, 74 years' Lease of an extremely well-built RESIDENCE, standing in a most salubrious spot, surrounded by beautifully-kept grounds of about 1 acre: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception, & magnificent billiard room; stabling for 3; tennis lawn; electric, &c. Price, £6,500. (40,161)

HERNE HILL.—£1,800 will Purchase the long Lease of a particularly attractive detached FAMILY RESIDENCE, standing in well-timbered grounds of about 2 acres: 8 bed & dressing, bath, 3 reception, & full-sized billiard room; electric light & every possible convenience. (40,163)

DULWICH.—For SALE, well-built detached RESIDENCE, standing in well-timbered grounds: 8 bed & dressing, bath, & 3 reception rooms; stabling. Price, £2,000. (40,166)

HAMPSTEAD.—A delightful modern Freehold RESIDENCE, with stabling, standing in charming grounds, & occupying a very pleasant position on the borders of Hampstead Heath: 12 bed, bath, 4 reception, & billiard room. Stabling for 3. (38,227)

FULL-SIZED BILLIARD ROOM.
STABLING.

MAIDA VALE.—To LET on Lease, well-planned detached RESIDENCE, containing: 6 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms (3 on ground floor); stabling for 3; garden in rear. Rent, £110 (40,171)

GROUNDS 1 ACRE.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD (close to Lord's).—£1,500 will be accepted for the 32 years' lease of a charming medium-sized RESIDENCE, standing in an acre of ground. 7 bed, bath, & 3 magnificent reception rooms. Rent, £187. (40,138)

HAMPSTEAD.—Freehold of a most charmingly-fitted & decorated RESIDENCE to be SOLD, occupying a very choice position on high ground, and containing: 8 bed, 2 dressing, 2 bath, & 4 reception rooms; large garden. (38,242)

BRONDESBURY.—£1,250 will secure the 62 years' Lease of an excellent semi-detached bijou RESIDENCE. 6 bed, dressing, bath, 2 reception rooms, long garden. (40,160)

SLOANE STREET (in best part of).—To LET on Lease, a very bright & cheerful HOUSE, overlooking ornamental gardens in front. 7 bed, bath, & 3 reception rooms; electric light, & every convenience. Rent, £275, & moderate premium. (40,172)

HYDE PARK.—The Lease of a really fine MANSION for SALE. 16 bed & dressing rooms, bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, billiard room; stabling for 6. Charming views over Park. (23,216)

RUSSELL SQUARE.—£150 per annum will rent a first-rate RESIDENCE, containing: 6 bed, bath, and 3 reception rooms. Premium, £300. (40,134)

BAYSWATER HILL.—Exceptionally attractive modern RESIDENCE, containing: 10 bed & dressing, 2 bath, & 4 reception rooms. Lease, 90 years. Price, £4,000. (40,141)

RENT FREE UNTIL MICHAELMAS.

LEINSTER GARDENS, Lancaster Gate.—An excellent medium-sized RESIDENCE, modernised at considerable expense: 9 bed, bath, 5 reception rooms (3 on ground floor). Rent, £180. Fixtures & fittings at valuation. (40,066)

COUNTRY HOUSES AND ESTATES, —Messrs. GILLOWS are exclusively appointed agents for many of the choicest available PROPERTIES, to be SOLD or LET, both Furnished & Unfurnished. Estate Offices, 406, Oxford Street (entrance at 48, Duke Street), W.

READING.—With its excellent service of trains to Town, to be LET Furnished, a fine old MANSION, containing: 16 bedrooms, billiard, 5 reception, standing in magnificent deer park of 100 acres, with a further 148 acres adjoining, & excellent stud farm. Full details of the Agents, as above, who have inspected and especially recommend. (12,366)

BEXHILL (near).—To be LET, Furnished, for 3 or 6 months, this most comfortable RESIDENCE, standing high, overlooking the sea, 1½ miles away. Accommodation: Large hall, 4 reception, 7 bed & dressing rooms; grounds of 6 acres, with tennis, kitchen garden, and paddocks. Fishing, hunting, & golf within easy reach; rough shooting over 200 acres. Rent, including use of pony and trap, 7 guineas a week. (E. L. 81)

ON THE WESTERN SLOPE OF THE MALVERN HILLS.—To be SOLD, a charming old-fashioned red brick & tiled RESIDENCE, recently brought up to date. Accommodation: billiard, 4 reception, 19 bed & dressing rooms, electric light, hot water coils & radiators. Commodious stabling, 3 cottages, land from 40 to 500 acres. Hunting, shooting, & fishing in the neighbourhood. (12,375)

NORFOLK (Sandringham district). — To be SOLD, a valuable Estate of about 800 acres, with fifteenth century MANSION, containing: 3 reception, 18 bedrooms, stabling for 6, farms & cottages, excellent shooting, hunting with several packs, price on application. (12,376)

BRISTOL (near), in a charming part of the country, to be LET, Furnished, this handsome Jacobean RESIDENCE, 5 reception rooms, 20 bed & dressing rooms, stabling, Company's water, excellent drainage, beautiful shaded & secluded grounds of about 11 acres, shooting over 2,000 acres, hunting with 2 packs, golf. Rent, 12 gs. a week. (12,383)

WATFORD.—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE: billiard, 3 reception, 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, stabling for 7, living rooms over, electric light, grounds 14½ acres. Or to LET, Furnished. More land if required. (12,329)

UNDER AN HOUR OF TOWN.—In the Reading District.—To be LET Furnished, a charming old-fashioned COTTAGE ornée with grand views. Accommodation: 3 reception, 10 bed, bathroom, stabling with motor house, charming old grounds, tennis lawn. Rent, £200 per annum. (12,[illegible])

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LANCASHIRE (very convenient for Manchester or Liverpool).—To be LET, Furnished, with 1,500 acres of good shooting, the above commodious MANSION, in park, containing entrance and inner halls, 3 spacious reception rooms, billiard room, 19 bed and dressing rooms, and capital offices; extensive pleasure grounds, walled kitchen garden, greenhouses; stabling for 16 horses, and cottages. The shooting over 1,500 acres includes about 160 acres of cover.—Apply HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

BETWEEN CHICHESTER AND PORTSMOUTH.
AN EASY DRIVE FROM GOODWOOD.

TO BE LET, Furnished, for a year, or for a shorter period, this extremely interesting Gothic RESIDENCE, situate close to the seashore, in parklands of 63 acres, with 2 entrance lodges. It contains hall panelled in oak, study, dining room, 30ft. by 18ft., drawing room 26ft. by 13ft., library, boudoir, cloakroom, w.c.'s, lavatory, 20 bed and dressing rooms, and capital offices. Remarkable land and sea views are obtained from flat roof and tower. Stabling for 5; 10 acres of well-timbered grounds, lawns for tennis, orchard, kitchen gardens with 5 glasshouses, 3 ornamental ponds, trout stream. Half-an-hour from good golf links.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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OPPOSITE GOLF COURSE, AND NEAR RIVER THAMES IN ONE OF ITS PRETTIEST PARTS.

STRAWBERRY HILL (convenient for City and West End).—For SALE, a specially well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a very choice, open, and rural position, overlooking private grounds, and containing: 3 reception, billiard, 12 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom. The charming grounds, of about 2 acres, were laid out by Milner, and include 2 beautiful tennis lawns, etc. Electric light and gas throughout; Doulton's best sanitary appliances; good repair, and House skilfully planned to afford every possible comfort and convenience. Owner would remain as tenant paying 6 per cent. as rent on purchase money. Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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NAZEING PARK,

seated high in a finely timbered park and beautiful old grounds, and commanding views of great extent. The Nazeing Golf Course adjoins the park. The fine old house contains: noble porch, large hall, 5 reception, and about 20 bed and dressing rooms, and good offices; capital stabling, with coachman's rooms; most productive gardens, with range of glasshouses. The present income from the estate amounts to about £900 per annum. Price moderate.—Sole Agents, Messrs. DANIEL WATNEY and SONS, 33, Poultry, E.C.; and HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

OAKHAM.—In the centre of the Cottesmore country (and within reach of four other packs). To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, a most attractive RESIDENCE or HUNTING BOX, containing: 13 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception rooms, good offices and stabling for 8, and farm buildings convertible into extra stabling. Pretty grounds, with lawn and greenhouses; magnificent country. Two hours from town.—Apply to Messrs. ROYCE, Auctioneers, Oakham, or to HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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NEAR TO THE CAPITAL TOWN AND STATION OF CHELMSFORD.—For SALE, or would be LET, Furnished, for the Summer, the above well-built RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of 1¼ acres, approached by a short drive, and containing 4 reception rooms, billiard room, conservatory, 11 or more bed and dressing rooms, bath, and complete offices; electric light and Company's water; certified drainage; stabling for 6 horses, coach-house, etc.; 2 cottages can be rented; tennis lawn, flower and fruit gardens, etc.; excellent hunting with 4 packs.—Further particulars of Messrs. G. B. HILLIARD and SONS, Land Agents, Chelmsford; or of HAMPTON and SONS, Auctioneers and Estate Agents, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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TWO-AND-A-HALF HOURS' EXPRESS RAIL FROM LONDON.

TO BE LET, well Furnished, with 1,000 acres of excellent shooting, and exclusive right of river fishing, a beautiful modern MANSION, picturesquely placed in its park, in a high position, with very delightful views of river and hill scenery. It contains a fine hall, about 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 25 bed and dressing rooms, gymnasium, and complete offices; private chapel; ample stabling, entrance lodge, and cottages; very lovely grounds of great natural beauty sloping to the river, and singularly inexpensive to maintain. Boathouse and stage. Exclusive right of fishing for 1 mile; 600 pheasants reared; 3 miles from first-class golf links, 2 miles from railway station, R.C. church half-a-mile.—Strongly recommended by Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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HARRODS (Ltd.) are the appointed Agents for all the principal Residences on the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates, and in the Kensington District, and have also many of those available in Mayfair and Hyde Park. A selected list will be forwarded on receipt of requirements.

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RENT, £95 PER ANNUM.

SURREY (Warlingham).—To be LET, Unfurnished, an exceedingly beautifully situated well-built and conveniently arranged modern RESIDENCE, standing in beautifully laid-out grounds of about 3 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, flower gardens, and well-stocked fruit and kitchen gardens. The accommodation comprises: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, stabling for 2 horses. Rent, £95 per annum. Agents HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,257)

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BANKS OF THE THAMES (with a river frontage of about 180ft.)—One of the prettiest and most perfect RIVERSIDE RESIDENCES, to be SOLD, to an immediate purchaser at less than half its original cost. The House, which is approached by a long carriage drive, contains: Square entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, boudoir, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, excellent offices; there is also a very commodious dépendance, containing: hall, sitting room, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, and offices; the pleasure grounds are an attractive feature, being very tastefully laid out and well shrubbed, with fine wide spreading lawns, affording ample space for tennis and croquet lawns; there is a charming pergola of rustic build terminating in a pretty tea house, also a summer house overlooking river, the lower portion forming a boathouse; stabling for 3 horses, coach-house, etc., and an excellent range of glass.—For price and further particulars apply to the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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MAGNIFICENT RESIDENCE. PARK. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

ONE AND A HALF HOURS FROM TOWN.—To be SOLD at a low price an exceptionally delightful and complete RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising a handsome RESIDENCE and nearly 55 acres of beautifully-wooded park and pleasure grounds. The former stands very high on gravel and sand, and contains: 5 reception rooms, 16 bedrooms, bathrooms, and full domestic offices. Stabling and outbuildings. Reduced price will be accepted. — Strongly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

FOR SALE.

ASCOT AND HENLEY (between).—In the midst of a favourite social district, 2 miles from station and near golf links. An attractive modern RESIDENCE, in a beautiful country, and approached by a drive. Contains: 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, and offices. Stabling for 2. Well-arranged grounds, large lawn, ornamental trees, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard and paddock; in all, 7 acres, bounded by stream. Church, P.O., etc., 10 minutes' walk. Hunting. Price only £2,250.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Near station, church, and post-office. The Residence, built about 200 years ago, stands high, with south aspect, surrounded by about 150 acres of land, principally pasture, with fine avenue of elm trees, orchards, etc. A splendid opportunity for anyone fond of farming. Inspected.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

RENT, £162 10s. PER ANNUM.

ASCOT (Twyford, near).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charming RESIDENCE, standing high on gravel soil, near church and 1½ miles from R.C.C. and station. It is held on an easy lease at this moderate rental, and contains: 4 excellent reception rooms, servants' hall, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc. Ample stabling and first-rate cottage. Delightfully-timbered pleasure grounds, extensive lawns, fruit and kitchen gardens, and orchard.—Strongly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

REDUCED TERMS.

LUXURIOUSLY APPOINTED RESIDENCE ON

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SUSSEX (delightfully situate 1½ miles from village and station).—To be SOLD, a Pleasure and Sporting ESTATE, standing on high ground (sand-rock), and commanding views of great variety and extent. There is a capital entrance lodge, and the residence, well built of brick and tiled, is reached by a beautiful carriage drive, and contains: 5 bedrooms, bathroom, pretty entrance hall, drawing room facing South, well-proportioned dining room, a large kitchen, etc., model farm buildings, coach-house, four-stall stable, coachman's rooms, sheds, cowhouses, etc. Pleasure garden and kitchen garden, lawn. The estate is beautifully timbered, and a stream runs through it. The Southdown foxhounds hunt the neighbourhood. — OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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£4,000.—An old-fashioned and attractive stone-built FARMHOUSE, recently modernised and fitted with modern improvements. In a perfectly rural and quiet position, with 15 acres of land and gardens. The latter are quite a feature of the property, although inexpensive to maintain, and include tennis and other lawns, croquet ground, rosary, walks, kitchen garden, orchard, and rich paddock. Contains: sitting hall, 3 reception rooms, servants' hall, 9 bed and dressing rooms, etc. Stabling and cottage. Gravel and sand. —OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£4,750.—NEAR SEVENOAKS, a gentleman's RESIDENCE, surrounded by well-matured pleasure grounds of 2 acres, with tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc. Contains: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and 2 box-rooms; stabling, motor-house, and cottage.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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£2,000 for this old-fashioned RESIDENCE, prettily furnished, standing high on gravel soil, overlooking the valley of the Stour; 5 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bath. Beautiful grounds with magnificent cedars. Conservatories, cottage, laundry, stabling. Fishing, hunting and shooting; 5 minutes from village. Price includes furniture and outdoor effects.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,502)

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ONE HOUR OF CITY.—Lovely district.—Pretty COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with ornamental grounds and paddock of 10 acres; entrance hall, 3 reception, 9 bed, bath; excellent stabling, with clock tower; expensively fitted throughout. To be SOLD for £2,750, only fraction of cost.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,483)

800 ACRES. 15TH CENTURY MANSION. EXCELLENT SHOOTING. GOOD INCOME.

NORFOLK.—To be SOLD, a medium-sized RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATE of nearly 800 acres, with a fine old mansion, 4 reception and 18 bed and dressing rooms. Stabling for 6. 2 farms and several small holdings. Excellent partridge and covert shooting. Hunting.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,613)

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OLD-FASHIONED CREEPER-CLAD RESIDENCE to be LET or SOLD. In an ancient village in the Thames Valley and one of the best parts for boating: 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing; stabling for 4; 7 acres of grounds in perfect order; flower garden, with choicest rose-trees, magnificent lawns, orchard, etc.; hunting. Price, £4,000. Rent, £140.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,471)

OLD ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE.

SOMERSET.—To be LET, Furnished, for the summer or longer, an old gabled Elizabethan MANOR HOUSE, in perfect order. 6 reception and 13 bedrooms. Walled garden. Good stabling.—Rent and further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 549)

GUILDFORD AND HORSHAM DISTRICT.—Very fine old-fashioned red-brick RESIDENCE, with 4 reception, 13 bed, bath (h. and c.). Electric light. Stabling. Pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen and fruit gardens. Cottages. Model farmery. All in thorough order; 170 acres freehold land. To be sold at a fraction of cost for £7,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,601)

OVERLOOKING THE ESTUARY OF THE SEVERN.
3½ HOURS OF LONDON.

FOR SALE, owing to special circumstances, at a fraction of cost, this magnificent RESIDENCE, in a most charming and healthy position, and commanding lovely and extensive views; 6 reception, billiard, 18 bed and dressing rooms. Gas and water laid on. Stabling for 7. Cottage. Inexpensive grounds of 2½ acres, but extra land up to 63 acres could be arranged for. Anchorage for yachts. Shooting. Hunting with 3 packs.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,719)

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES VICTORIA OR LONDON BRIDGE. Rural district.—Detached RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 5 bed, bath; standing in 2 acres of nice old matured grounds. Stabling. Price, £2,500; less land, £1,400.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,577)

GOOD HUNTING COUNTRY. ONE HOUR OF TOWN.

TO BE SOLD, a HOUSE, with 3 reception, 16 bed and dressing, bath; gas and water; extensive stabling; coachman's cottage; well-matured grounds, tastefully laid out in terraces, and containing some noble specimens of cedars; conservatory; nearly 4 acres; would also be LET Unfurnished. — Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,397)

GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

TO BE LET OR SOLD.—Picturesque RESIDENCE in a fine position, commanding good views and approached by a long avenue carriage drive: 3 spacious reception rooms, conservatory, boudoir, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; stabling; well-matured and tastefully laid-out pleasure gardens, avenue of chestnuts, tennis lawn; 18 acres in all. Rent, £255 p.a.—Price on application to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,605)

IN A HIGH-CLASS SPORTING DISTRICT.
40 minutes from King's Cross.

FOR SALE, a picturesque Sixteenth Century GUILD HOUSE, recently modernised, in beautiful old grounds, including lawns, rockeries, conservatory with fernery, glasshouses, etc. House contains: 5 reception, billiard, 16 bed and dressing, bath. Old oak panelling. Hiding place. Minstrels' Gallery. Gas and water laid on. Drainage perfect. Excellent stabling.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,585)

SMALL COUNTRY ESTATE.
2 miles from a main line station. 70 minutes from town.

TO BE SOLD, this charming RESIDENCE, containing: 4 reception, 8 bed, bath, conservatory, etc., and approached through a long avenue of trees. High situation. Gravel soil. Stabling and farm buildings. Orchard and grounds, pasture and arable, in all 75 acres, lying in a ring fence and intersected by a stream. Price, £4,200.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,604)

CHARMING COUNTRY RESIDENCE WITH 16 ACRES.

£3,500.—The House stands well back from the road and is approached by a carriage drive: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Stabling, 2 cottages. Farmery. Attractive pleasure grounds, orchard and pasture. Hunting. Also to be LET.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,208)

NEAR LEATHERHEAD.—To be LET Furnished, for August only, a beautiful modern HOUSE, with 6 reception rooms, 20 bedrooms, and delightful grounds of 10 acres. Rent, 30 guineas per week.—Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 550)

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35 MINUTES FROM LONDON.

HERTS.—For SALE, in the high and healthy Boxmoor district, the above convenient HOUSE, containing: 3 reception and 7 bedrooms; tennis lawns and grounds of 1½ acres, golf links near. Price, £2,975.—Full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,520)

In the favourite pine and heather district of Woking, noted for its healthiness.

UNDER ONE HOUR OF LONDON, this well-built RESIDENCE, fitted with every modern convenience, and finished in a superior and artistic manner; panelled hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling or motor-house would be erected; well-wooded grounds of 3½ acres (up to 15 acres available); golf links. Price, £7,500, or would be LET. Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,533)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

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Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephone No. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE.

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

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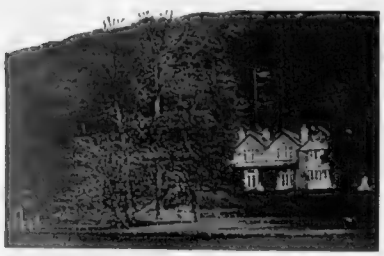
THE ABOVE ATTRACTIVE MANSION, situate in a favourite district within about seventy minutes by rail of London, and encircled by superb grounds and finely timbered park, the whole extending to upwards of 100 acres, will be SOLD by auction at the Mart, unless previously disposed of privately.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (18,444)

ALMOST UNIQUE MARINE RESIDENCE on the Sussex coast with magnificently timbered grounds, leading to the sea shore and commanding grand views of the Channel; to be SOLD at moderate price. It contains: 12 bedrooms and large reception rooms, stabling for 4, cottage; near favourite seaside town, easy drive of Goodwood. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,030)

SURREY HILLS (near Oxted and Limpsfield Golf Club).—Artistic red brick RESIDENCE for SALE, at moderate price; 6½ acres of perfectly secluded grounds, modern stabling, and every convenience; fine billiard room, large and lofty reception and 12 bedrooms; perfect sanitation and water supply. Strongly recommended.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,135)

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS, commanding magnificent panoramic views 40 miles in extent.—To be SOLD, unusually attractive HOUSE, built for owner's own occupation, in perfect order: stabling, tennis lawn, pleasure and kitchen gardens, 8 bedrooms, bath, large reception rooms, a mile from station, 40 minutes from London, gravel soil. Inspected.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,445)

IDEAL RIVERSIDE PROPERTY.



BANKS OF THE THAMES, to be SOLD, Freehold, the charming COTTAGE RESIDENCE, depicted above, occupying one of the choicest positions, with lawn to river: large hall, 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, stabling, and launch house.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,419)

£5,000 only for a compact RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 424 acres on the borders of Hants and Wilts. Medium-sized residence, with stabling, attractive grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, excellent farm buildings, bailiff's house, and 8 cottages. Capital partridge shooting (extra can be hired). Inspected.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,367)

CHELMSFORD and INGATESTONE (between).—Charming old-world RESIDENCE and 10 Acres, for SALE at moderate price; 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, hall with fireplace; stabling, farmery, 4 cottages, and delightfully timbered and secluded grounds, glasshouses, and paddocks; 2 miles from station; excellent hunting district; daily reach of town.—Recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,824)

AN UNDOUBTED BARGAIN.—£3,150 only for a charming old-fashioned HOUSE, of medium size, and 72 acres (37 grass), in a pretty district, under 50 miles from London, a mile from station; stabling, farm buildings, pleasure and kitchen gardens; good partridge shooting, fishing, and hunting; gravel soil.—Full particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,432)

ONE OF THE FINEST SPORTING ESTATES IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

6,000 ACRES (nearly) of very fine covert and open ground SHOOTING to be LET, with Furnished MANSION, situate within 2½ miles from a station, about three hours by rail from London, on the borders of Hants and Wilts.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,213)

CHOICE RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

THE above lovely home in Sussex for SALE, comprising an exceedingly well-built RESIDENCE of medium size, on high ground, commanding beautiful views, with about 130 or more acres. Fishing and hunting. Inspected and recommended. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,202)

MARKET HARBOROUGH and KETTERING (between), in the cream of the Pytchley country. Price £2,200, for an unusually attractive old-fashioned country house: containing 8 bed, 3 reception rooms, and usual offices, well-matured pleasure grounds with fine timber, tennis lawn, kitchen and fruit gardens, stabling for 6 horses, useful outbuildings, and prolific pasture; in all over 9 acres. Near church and village; 3½ miles from station.—Full particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,567)

YORKSHIRE.—Romantically situated amongst the Fells Rent £300 (Unfurnished), with nearly 2,000 acres of shooting (including small grouse moor), and 2 miles of salmon and trout fishing; a capital country house (18 bedrooms, large reception and billiard room), grandly timbered grounds, stabling, cottages, kitchen garden, glasshouses and meadow. Two miles from a station; notoriously healthy and good residential district. Recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,703)

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EASTBOURNE (between).

THE ABOVE CHARMING HOUSE delightfully positioned on high ground in beautiful part of Sussex, for sale with 17 acres of lovely grounds, stabling, cottage and entrance lodge. Magnificent views extending to the Channel. Moderate price. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,061)

IN A BEAUTIFUL POSITION ON THE KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.—Charming Residential ESTATE of 25 acres, with small RESIDENCE, pretty garden, and finely timbered park-like meadowland, for SALE, freehold. Stabling for 4, farmery and 2 cottages; close to station, within about an hour's rail of Town.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,588)

NORFOLK COAST, near Cromer, with private grounds, leading to the beach.—To be LET, furnished for the summer, charming HOUSE, containing: 19 bedrooms, large reception rooms; stabling. Glorious views of the German Ocean. Moderate rent.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,795)

BASINGSTOKE DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, an exact replica of an old Hampshire MANOR HOUSE, with charming grounds of 30 acres, beautifully situate, 400 feet above sea, grand views: 15 bed and dressing, oak panelled hall and reception rooms; stabling; quaint gatehouse and archway. A mile from main line station. Strongly recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,288)

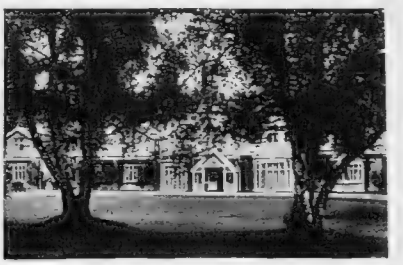
£2,250 WILL PURCHASE a compact little PROPERTY in a first-rate social and sporting district in the Midlands, near good town with fine train service; all in perfect order; 9 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, cottage, good gardens and paddocks. Should be seen at once.—Apply WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (19,510)

£2,450 WILL PURCHASE a capital medium-sized HOUSE and 25 acres; delightfully situated near Tunbridge Wells; pleasure and kitchen gardens, farmery and stabling.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,866)

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SEVERN.—To be LET, a well-furnished MANSION, with first-rate mixed shooting, over 3,500 acres, and trout fishing. The Residence, of medium size, stands in a well-timbered park, and the gardens are of a beautiful character, sloping down to a large sheet of ornamental water. Hunting with two packs.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,342)

CUMBERLAND.—To be SOLD, a sound Agricultural and Sporting ESTATE, of upwards of 1,000 acres, lying compactly in a ring fence. It is well wooded, bounded by county roads, intersected by a stream, and divided into suitable holdings, all let, and producing about £900 per annum.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (16,093)

SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS.



10 MINUTES' DRIVE FROM THE BEAUTIFUL Pine and Heather Country at Frimley.—To be SOLD, at reduced price, by order of Executors, the above charming RESIDENCE, containing ample accommodation for a large family, lofty reception rooms, fine billiard room, stabling for 6, cottages, farmery, magnificently-timbered pleasure-grounds, kitchen gardens, and pine wood; in all 43 acres. Modern drainage, excellent water supply, and every amenity.—Details of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,523)

ON THE SHORE OF LAKE CONISTON.—Compact small SPORTING ESTATE, for SALE, with 2 miles of frontage to the Lake, and adjoining an extensive common, over which there are valuable sporting and pasturage rights; capital pheasant, partridge, grouse, woodcock and other shooting; good fishing in the Lake; some excellent sites for a residence; unrivalled scenery. Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,530)

REMARKABLY CHOICE AND CHEAP Residential Estate in Derbyshire.—Attractive moderate-sized HOUSE in beautifully timbered park: 16 bedrooms, billiard room, etc. Good stabling, charming grounds, home farm, etc.; all pasture and extending to 400 acres, producing £850 per annum. Early possession: price very moderate.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (18,394)

BUCKS (50 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, the above exceptionally attractive and picturesque old-fashioned gabled RESIDENCE, with quaint gatehouse and archway, standing nearly 300 feet above sea, on the outskirts of the favourite town of Aylesbury; 11 bed and dressing rooms, oak panelled reception rooms, conservatories, and ample offices; water and gas laid on, modern drainage, and secluded grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, glasshouses, rich pasture land, and ornamental plantation; in all about 6 acres.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W.

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Telephone: 3645 GERRARD. 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

SURREY.—Choice FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND for SALE, from £100 per acre; sloping south aspect, amidst grand scenery, over 300ft. above sea level, mile from Capel village and Ockley Station.—WM. VAUGHAN Clark's Green, Capel, Surrey.

HAMPTON COURT.—Furnished COTTAGE to be LET, for month of August; 35gs. a week, inclusive: 2 sitting-rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, and w.c., kitchen, larder and scullery; large and pretty garden running down to river Mole; gaslight and stove; water laid on; new drainage; piano, plate, and linen; five minutes from station and river Thames.—Address P., BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

DARTMOOR. To be SOLD, COTTAGE RESIDENCE. Billiard-room, studio, stabling, garden, etc., in most beautiful part of Dartmoor. Good salmon, peel, and trout fishing. Rough shooting obtainable. Good hunting.—Write No. 421, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars.

ISLE OF WIGHT (Ryde).—To be LET, Unfurnished, this choice RESIDENCE, close to esplanade & pier: large entrance hall, billiard, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), charming grounds, magnificent views. Rent, £150 per annum. Photos. Personally inspected.—Apply GILLOWS, 406, Oxford Street, W. (12,371)

FREEHOLDS. WEST CENTRAL.
SUITABLE FOR TRUST FUNDS.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.—4 capital Freehold RESIDENCES, all with good accommodation, in one of the principal thoroughfares. Would form a good building investment.—Apply "A. B.," c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

WANTED.—£4,000 will be Paid for a moderate-sized RESIDENCE, containing some 10 bedrooms, grounds from 2 to 3 acres. Within 4 miles of a good town. Shooting, fishing, & golf in the neighbourhood. Apply "A. B.," c/o GILLOWS, London, W.

EARLSWOOD COMMON (between Redhill and Reigate).—To be LET on long lease, a charming Bijou RESIDENCE, situate in the open country, overlooking grand stretches of magnificently-wooded ground. Accommodation: square entrance hall, 3 reception, 4 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.). Electric light throughout. Recently redecorated and furnished. Premium, including furniture throughout, £850. Rent, £70 per annum.—For particulars apply "X. Y. Z.," c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

In the favourite Hayward's Heath District.

A RESIDENCE, situate in a sheltered position, with south aspect, and beautiful views to the South Downs, and approached by a carriage drive, with entrance lodge; 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bath; stabling; pretty and secluded pleasure grounds, glasshouses, meadows, and fish pond; in all 12 acres. Price, £6,500. Rent, £250 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,401)

£2,000 WILL PURCHASE a small PROPERTY in Sussex (favourite Heathfield district), including modern Residence, with 3 reception and 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.); stabling, buildings, glasshouses, and 7½ acres of land. Would be LET.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,588)

450FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. NEAR WARLINGHAM, SURREY.

FOR SALE, below cost, a picturesque RESIDENCE, with beautifully laid-out grounds of 3 acres, including tennis lawn: billiard and 3 reception rooms, 10 bed, and 2 bathrooms. Close to golf links.—Full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,560)

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Gunmaker by Warrants of Appointment to His Majesty the King, H.I.M. the German Emperor, H.R.H. Prince Christian, &c., &c., invites application for his Illustrated Gun and Rifle Catalogue and Special Cartridge Lists.

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SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED.
Lee-Enfields, Mausers, and Mannlicher Rifles.
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J. J. PAUL, General Manager and Secretary.

SECOND HAND MOTOR CARS (Offered for Sale by Private Owners)

Under this heading we are prepared to insert advertisements of autocars for sale and wanted, and other miscellaneous announcements of a like character.

The charge for each insertion is 1s. per line, and a 1d. for every additional word.

All advertisements inserted in these columns must be strictly prepaid, and reach "THE BYSTANDER" Office, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, by FIRST POST on TUESDAY MORNING to ensure insertion.

If desired, a block of motor-car can be inserted, the cost of which would be 5s. for each block in addition to the cost of advertisement.

PANHARD, 10 h.-p., new 1903, Brougham Top and glass front, lined box cloth, body cost about £150; owing to owner's ill-health this car has only been run about 50 miles. Can be seen anywhere near London.—G.W., c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

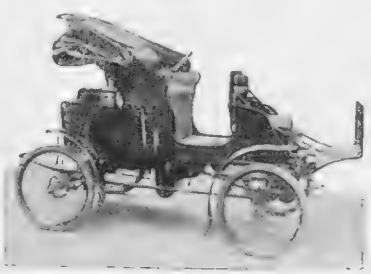
GENUINE Licensed 6 h.-p. De Dion double phaeton, Mulliner body, upholstered leather, new engine and tyres, overhauled by makers lately; cheap.—View and trial.—Ashby-Jones, 8, Ridgway Gardens, Wimbledon.

HUMBERETTE, Royal, 6½ h.-p., fast, climb any hill, little used, and in excellent condition; this car was exhibited at Crystal Palace Show; £120.—Woodward, 89, Warrington Crescent, Maida Vale, London.

12 h.-p. Darracq, tonneau, latest type, M.O.V., extra size wheels, everything of the very best; will sell cheap, having bought a 20 h.-p., or take an up-to-date two seated in part payment.—A. Fielding, Railway Pottery, Stoke-on-Trent.

12 h.-p. M.O.I.V. Darracq Tonneau, new condition, seats five, three speeds and reverse, very quiet and fast, lamps, spares, etc.; £225 cash.—The Limes, Frindsbury, Rochester.

RENAULT Motor-car, 4½ h.-p., tonneau body, three speeds and reverse, trembler coil, wipe contact, spring seats, Clipper tyres, in perfect order; £125; trial invited.—Mr. Haw, Dudley Street, Grimsby.



"PRESCOTT" Steam Car, seats 2 or 4, Victoria hood, condenser; splendid running car. Practically new. Selling through illness. Cheap to immediate purchaser.—Bezant, 12, Victoria Terrace, Leamington-Spa.

DAIMLER, 23 b.h.-p., 1904 pattern, seating for seven people, double tonneau, side entrance, detachable heavy hood, 10ft. wheelbase, 16ft. over; every detail of car complete; almost new, being sold as too long for the Irish roads; car can be seen in London; is one of the smartest and finest turnouts in existence.—Photo and details from Lieut. Windham, 56, West Clapham Common.

12-16 h.-p. four-cylinder Tonneau Motor Cars, made by Motor Manufacturing Co., Coventry, for immediate disposal; a bargain; any trial inspection invited, and no reasonable offer refused. Owner going abroad.—Address, B., 12, Crieff Road, Wandsworth Common.

12-16 h.-p. two-cylinder Darracq, very fast and powerful, in splendid condition, upholstered leather, roomy tonneau, painted dark blue; any trial; price £180.—Armitage, 91, Victoria Road, Headingley, Leeds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—We have cars offered by private owners, to whom we will introduce you without fees.—Write at once, stating your requirements Frank Little and Co., engineers, High Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MAYFAIR Voiturette, 4½ h.-p. De Dion engine, wipe contact, two-seated, leather hood, three lamps, two accumulators, wire wheels, pneumatic tyres, in splendid condition and running order, just overhauled; £65; trial by appointment.—T. C. Moffatt, 46, Kenilworth Avenue, Wimbledon.

10 h.-p. Wolseley Tonneau, solids, photo, £250; 24 h.-p. Darracq, tonneau, pneumatics, £450; 14 h.-p. Clement-Talbot, detachable tonneau, bucket seats, hood, and screen, £400; all three in excellent order; trials of above at short notice here.—Owner, Batlescomb, Beach Road Weston-super-Mare.

DECAUVILLE, 10-12 h.-p., two cylinders, tonneau body, painted green, equal sized wheels. See bands on back wheels, Michelin tyres, gears and tyres as new, car in fine condition, new 1903: owner buying larger car same make; can be seen by appointment; price £250, including three lamps, horn, and usual tools.—Owner, 70, Upper Tulse Hill, London, S.W.

GEORGES-RICHARDS Car, 10 h.-p., two cylinders, three speeds and reverse, good hill-climber, aluminium tonneau body, with glass front and canopy top, in perfect working order, recently overhauled, with new gears; trial by appointment.—B., c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

22 h.-p. Daimler for sale, exceedingly handsome, touring car, equal to new, everything right up to date, including 1904 carburetter; price to an immediate cash purchaser, £600; the car can be inspected at any time, and a trial run arranged.—For particulars apply to Scott, c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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No. 245. From 36/-, to Measure.

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LOOK WELL, LAST LONG, AND

ARE FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN, AND CHILDREN, IN NAVY BLUE, BLACK, CREAM, CRIMSON, GREY, GREEN, &c., VARIOUS PRICES, AND IN LIGHT WEIGHTS FOR WARM CLIMATES.

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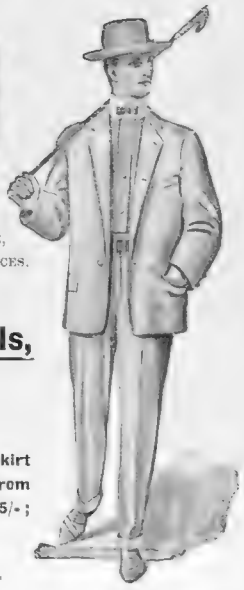

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THIS HISTORIC OLD ENGLISH TAVERN IS NOW RE-OPENED.

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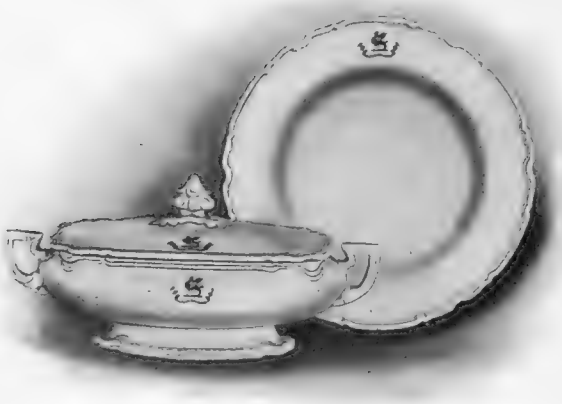

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LONDON, W.

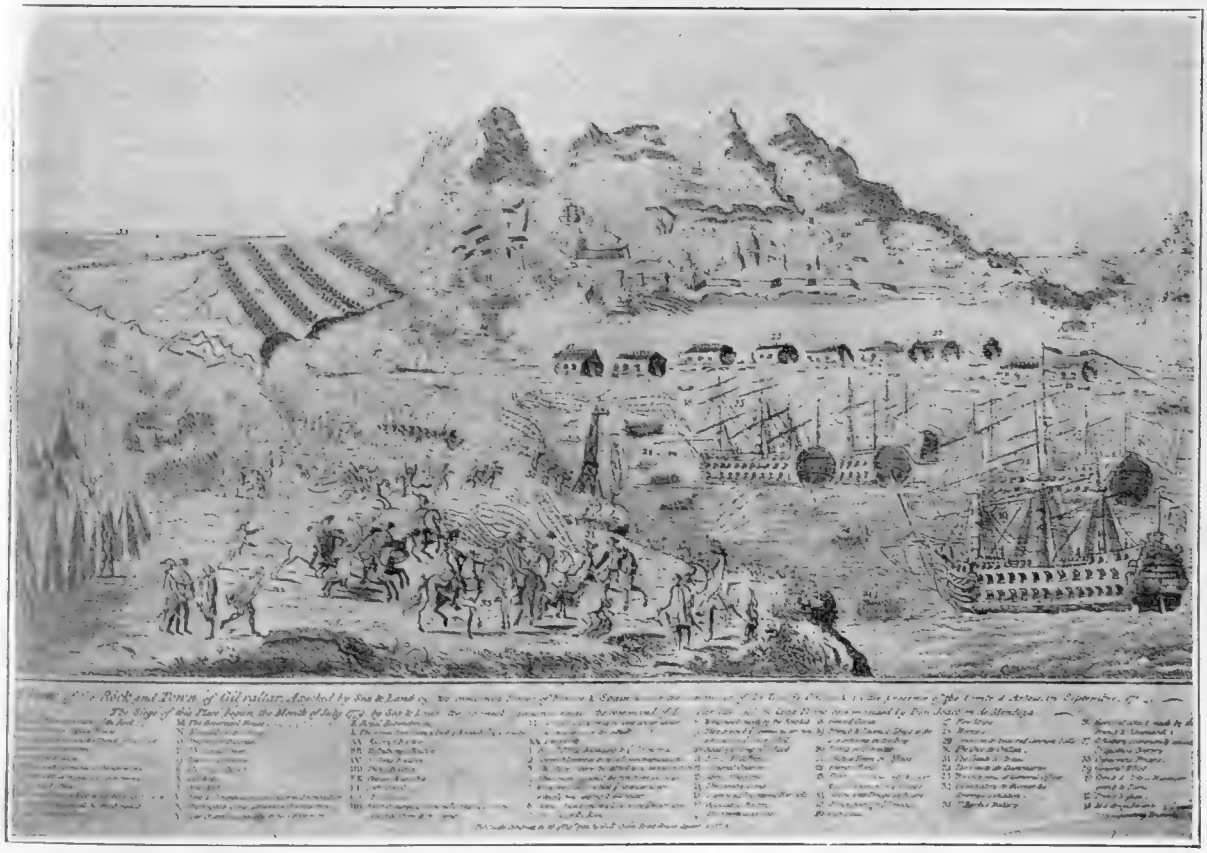
Glass mug of the time of George III., with a five-shilling piece with the name of *Lima* thereon let into the stand, and a curious Dutch glass

members of their family behind them. These pieces, scattered at wide intervals across the world, are now ... an increasing interest; the profound sociologist ... nd the veriest amateur of the arts will alike find ...alue in these hitherto slighted relics of the past. The queer stout "rummers" are fully reminiscent of ... early days of our grandfathers; the fine ale ...asses, decorated with hop and barley, once so ...neral, tell of a period before the analytical chemist ...igned supreme in every brewery, and a time when ...r ancestors were busy laying up for us the pleasing ...ritage of, say, rheumatoid arthritis. Punch-...wls and flagons continue the tale, and many ...eresting shapes in wine-glasses and less common vessels carry on the story of seventeenth and eighteenth century customs.

Jacobean Wine-Glasses

Among the most sought after of the wine-glasses are the thick, tall, carefully proportioned examples of Jacobean times, such as are shown on the previous page. These are rare, but they are of strong material, and no collector knows but that in some out-of-the-way country sale, or in the odd shop in a small street near his house, there may not lie *perdu* a number of these specimens only waiting for the knowing eye to see, the ready hand to seize. The mugs in the form popular "in Anna's or in George's days" in other metals were fashioned with no small skill in glass. A custom of the times was to place a coin of the date of manufacture at the base of the glass, and the smaller of the mugs, of which we give a photograph, contains a shilling of Queen Anne, while the larger has a piece of George III., with the word "Lima" upon it. The tall "rummer" is of William IV., and commemorates the days when "Reform" was in the air. But these are but tiny examples in a collection which covers, at least, two hundred years, and ranges from the most costly examples to the humblest style of work—all equally interesting to the student, but many of no very great æsthetic value. As we have said, the world of old English glass is still open to the amateur, and of what other kind of connoisseurship can the like be said?

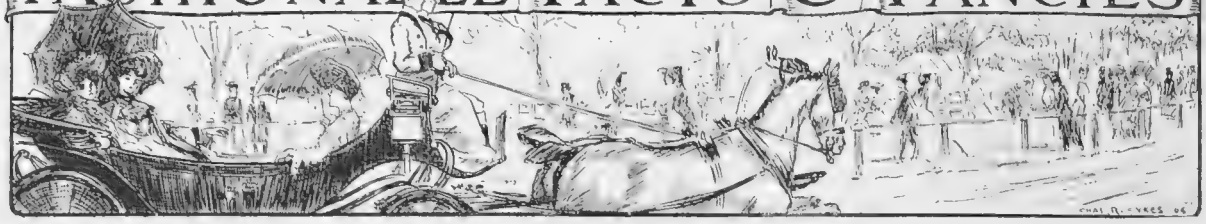
E. M.



The Bi-Centenary of the taking of Gibraltar

This illustration is from an old print in the British Museum commemorating the fierce attack on "The Rock," made by the combined Spaniards and French in 1779. It was the third occasion upon which Gibraltar had been attacked by a force whose numbers should have prevailed. Two years later an allied force of 40,000 were repulsed by the little garrison under General Eliott

FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES



By "AMBROSINE"

I am Ambrosine, and for the moment I rather wish I were someone else, a very long way off. To be left suddenly, and without warning to cope alone with Fashionable Facts and Fancies is an experience, however, and an experience, I reflect, is mostly an opportunity. For is there not some old maxim that hints at the degradation of a lost opportunity? My sentiments, though, are rather akin to those of a small boy person of my acquaintance, who, delightfully confident, on the second attempt only, that he could say the sweet old childish hymn, "Gentle Jesus," commenced "Gentle, Gentle," and then — in imploring accents — "Oh, Nanna, what was the gentleman's name? I just forgotten." Now with no obliging nurse within a hundred miles to help me with the gentleman's name, I must willy-nilly essay the task of conducting alone a dress chat.

In theory, how ridiculously simple this always seems, but my colleague has sufficiently instructed me in the practice to bring a full realisation of the invariable difficulties that prevail. It is so much pleasanter to be personal than comprehensive, so infinitely more delightful to revolve on one's own orbit, than project one's understanding into the minds of others. And yet are these pleasures inevitably denied the faithful fashion chronicler, on whom falls the onus of dressing not one small insignificant body, but hundreds and hundreds, to each one of whom the question of their own individual needs is all-important and absorbing.

It is accredited of me that my taste is good and my inspiration better, yet I know full well there are certain types of women who would prove complete failures were I their presiding modistic genius.

There is a certain "taggy" woman, who is a pet detestation of mine. She is such a complete mass of inconsequence from the top of her head to the tips of her toes, without beginning, or end, or any sort of settled scheme about her. She is of the *genre* who would cheerfully wear a lace-bedecked blouse with a leather-trimmed moor gown — the true fact of the matter being, that she has no inherent sense of the fitness of clothes.

Perhaps her worst moment is on the motor car. There is she verily sublime, consistent only in her inconsistencies of a fly-away hat, a completely inadequate veil, and a collarless coat. For my sins, I took such a member of the community out the other day, and when we were not scrambling about the bottom of the car, searching for dislodged garments, we were securing the bits of the poor thing together with safety pins. Needless to say, our journey was a short one, and anything but sweet.

A practical Motor Hood to be obtained in tussore, silk mackintosh or gloria of Messrs. Thomas and Sons, 32, Brook Street, W.

A New Motor Hood

But to pleasanter themes (that I think is quite in my colleague's best style of attack), and a new silk hood in particular, which I have tested, proved, and found in no way wanting. This is an exclusive, registered affair of Messrs. Thomas and Sons, 32, Brook Street, W., and is precisely the adaptable covering we have all been seeking; since, in addition to a slot fitted with elastic, which, as the sketch I have ventured to have made of it reveals, clips the brim of the hat across the front, the hood is built in two, and, I think, three sizes, so that no matter what the dimension or the extravagant decoration of a hat, this hood renders itself a complete covering. Once adjusted, all that remains is to slip two silk ends through two corresponding slots, these joining forces at centre back on a button.

A curtain falls about the shoulders, and as this is designed to be worn over the coat collar two further

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buttonholes are provided either side front, at about the depth of the two first buttons of a double-breasted coat. But the whole thought is gloriously practical—and, may I be permitted to hint, I speak as one who knows. Furthermore, because I would seriously assist all motoring women in this regard without delay, am I tempted to mention that the price in tussore or pongee ranges from 12*s.* 6*d.*, while in that fine silk mackintosh the start is made at 21*s.*, an intermediate choice being found in gloria at 18*s.*

An egregious error, fallen into nine times out of ten by the intermittent motorist, is the purchasing of yards of gauze and chiffon, ephemeralities which they patiently replenish, and so contrive to spend, in the course of a few weeks, double and even treble the sum entailed by the purchase of one of these really practical and effectual hoods.

It is one of the penalties—if you like to call it so—of this pleasantest of pursuits, that dust is inevitable. You cannot get away from the dust, but you can help the dust from directly contaminating the person, and very especially the hair. And not to do so is, well, to court unkind criticism!

Clothes at Cowes

I am possessed of an individual notion or two, if you would care to have them, about yachting frocks. Myself, I like the essentially neat yachtswoman, of the coat and skirt brigade if you like, and to such I would whisper the elegance of the new long basqued, close-fitting coat, in navy serge, the fronts cut a little narrow and worn unbuttoned to show a double-breasted waistcoat of white piqué or linen. This suit, with a white linen yachting cap, is in a way ideal. Or, failing such severity, there is something very pleasantly suggestive about a cream frieze or plain cloth, if that is preferred, arranged with a coatee pouching a little everywhere, over a soft suède belt, save just in front where the band passes beneath spade-shaped revers.

I am immensely taken also by the suggestion of some tailor-made piqué and drill costumes, the coats more or less reefer in style, but with single-breasted fronts. And there may be chronicled, with every conviction, the value of the vest this autumn, with everything that pertains to the tailor-made, these close-fitting or double-breasted for the most part, fitted into a shapely point below the waist.

Molesey Regatta

was almost a record meeting, and boasted, among other trifles, the initial efforts of trying to drown a motor car. Many among the crowd audibly prayed the attempt might prove successful; but the plucky rescue is old history now. Having chanced on the topic, I should just like to say that quite the most attractive frocks were fashioned of white lawn or cambric, pin-spotted at wide intervals with black. One of these, worn by an extremely pretty, fair girl, was completed by a sash and quaint flop muslin hat of old rose muslin. Another girl, divinely tall and most divinely fair, who punted assiduously, wore the very neatest butcher blue linen gown I think I ever saw, the blouse closing quite up to the throat with one broad box pleat, punctuated by detached groups of tiny gilt buttons, the skirt carrying on the box pleat motive quite to the hem. Amidst all its white and delicately toned companions, this blue linen stood forth a distinctive, possibly because unexpected, success, and I found my eye following irresistibly every movement of the graceful svelte figure, as it swayed and bent to the movements of the pole.

A very exquisite little frock, a poem of perfection, was of pastel mauve, the hue once upon a time

A simple seaside suit of blue service serge

This serviceable costume is worn with a soft, spotted silk, washing shirt and silk bow tie

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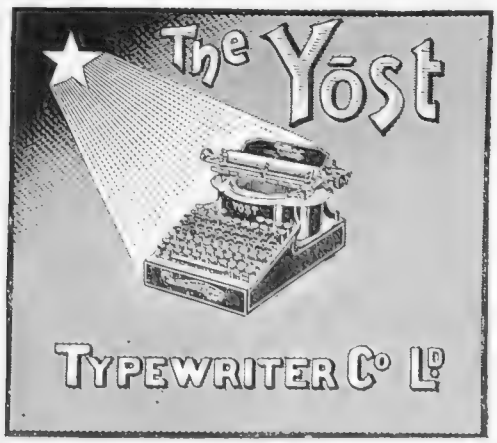

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designated as peach—though why I have always been at a loss to know—silk muslin, or it might have been double chiffon. Anyway, while deliciously filmy of texture, there was yet sufficient substance to warrant the skirt falling straight from the waist in full gathers all round, while about the hem a narrow white gathered Valenciennes edging meandered in a looped scroll design.

A deep and exquisitely fitting ceinture of almost imperceptible chiné Louisine defined the figure, the mousseline falling *blousée* above, and carrying a simply adorable fichu—more of a suggestion, though, than the actual thing—formed of two *bretelles* of the Louisine, the edges outlined everywhere by the tiniest pleated Valenciennes lace, the ends interlacing the one under the other in front, until they disappeared into the unknown beneath the ceinture. This fichu is not quite unknown to me, but it was interesting to find it emphasised in connection with a creation so obviously of Paris as was this peach muslin.

The simple seaside suit illustrated is of the thoroughly useful order, in real service serge, faced back with white cloth, trimmed blue and white braid, and is worn with soft spotted silk washing shirt and silk bow tie.

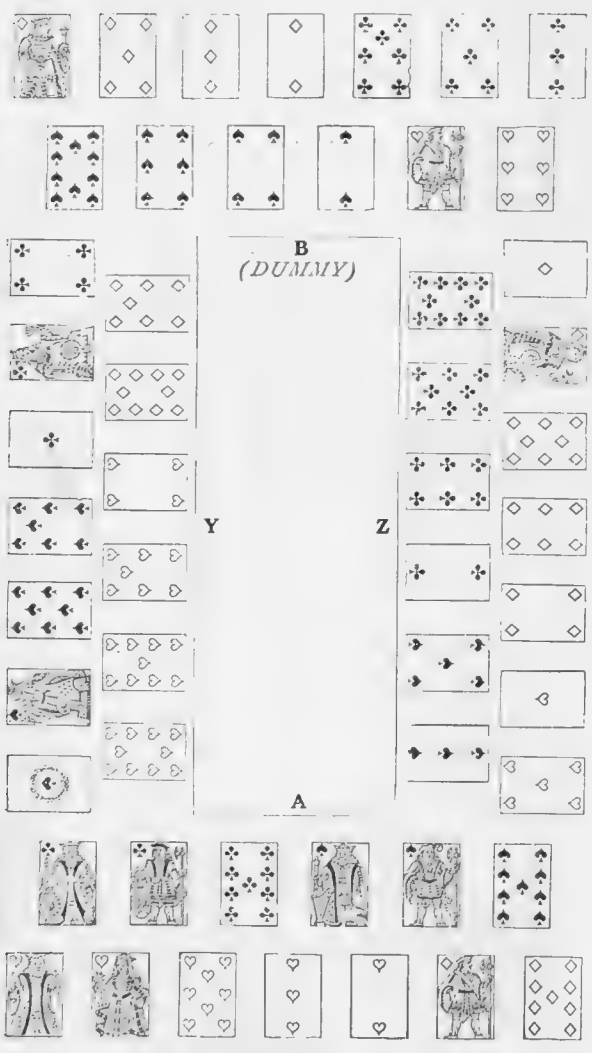
BRIDGE By "PROBLEMATICUS"

OUR SECOND HOLIDAY COMPETITION

THE HAND.

DOUBLE DUMMY.

Y leads before the hands are exposed.



A deals

Till we resume our larger competitions in the autumn, we have established Holiday Competitions for such of our readers who do not care to grow rusty in solving Bridge problems. This week we publish the Second of these; the First Prize will be the BYSTANDER Morocco Bridge Box containing rules, markers, playing-cards, etc., and there will be five further prizes of two packs, in box, of the pretty BYSTANDER playing-cards. All solutions must be sent to the Bridge Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C., not later than the first post on Friday, August 12.

Competitors are requested to use the following formula in setting out the play of the hand:—

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1.	♦ K	♦ 4	♦ 8	♦ 2
2.	♦ A	♦ 7	♦ 9	♦ 3
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

Household Hints

TO KEEP FLOWERS FRESH.—Put them in lukewarm water, and, before arranging them in vases, cut the ends of the stalks horizontally and add a pinch of salt to each vase. This will, if fresh water is added and the stalks cut daily, prolong the life of the flowers indefinitely.

TO KEEP MOTH OUT OF CHAIRS.—Turn the chairs upside down, and saturate the underside with spirits of turpentine. This will not only drive moth away, but kill the eggs as well. Shut the chairs up in a warm room for forty-eight hours, and then air thoroughly outside in the air. A few drops of balsam fir oil on the chair seat will diffuse a refreshing odour.

TO KEEP SILVER FROM TARNISHING.—Silver teapots, etc. not in constant use should be stored away in a wash-leather bag, with a few lumps of ammonia; the latter will keep silver bright, even in damp weather.

TO CLEAN LIGHT CLOTH GAITERS OR LIGHT FELT HATS.—Two oz. of calcined magnesia, mixed with water to the consistency of cream, and apply with a nail brush. When dry, brush off with a clean dry brush.

TO CLEAN DIAMOND RINGS.—To clean diamond rings safely and brilliantly, wash with a light lather of yellow soap on a soft brush. Afterwards polish with chamois leather dipped in eau de Cologne. If you keep your diamond ornaments in a little bag of bran, this will preserve their brilliancy in a wonderful way. EMILIA.

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Kodak Picture Postcards

"You press the button and we do the rest" has long ago passed into a household maxim among photographers in connection with Kodak cameras. Messrs. Eastman have sent us some specimen postcards, in which their usual simplicity of treatment and reliability of results go hand in hand. After printing in the usual manner one only has to put the cards in a "hypo" bath, then wash them thoroughly in water, and let them dry, when they are ready to be despatched through the post. Having tried them, we can heartily recommend them as being among the best for amateurs and professionals alike.

An Important Purchase

The historical domain known as Thorp Perrow, and extending to over 5,000 acres, has just been purchased by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, on behalf of Mr. William Cresswell Gray, of Membland Hall, South Devon, and head of the shipbuilding firm of William Gray and Co. (Limited), of West Hartlepool. Thorp Perrow lies between Bedale and Masham, and includes Snape Castle and the greater portion of the picturesque villages of Snape, Firby, and Thornton Watlass. There is a fine stone-built mansion in the Georgian style, and the grounds include two beautiful lakes. The purchase price has not transpired; but it cannot fall far short of £200,000.

Our Coloured Supplement

For this week's Supplement we have pleasure in presenting our readers with a charming tinted photographic study of a well-known actress—Miss Ethel Matthews. This is the first of a series of studies in the same style of celebrities, which will be given away from time to time. Besides this series, the future has in store for BYSTANDER readers a continuation of the original coloured sketches by leading artists, which have been presented almost every week in the form of supplements.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"A Sporting Adventurer." By Fox Russell. (R. A. Everett.)

"A Fight to a Finish." By Major C. G. Dennison, D.S.O. (Longmans.) 5*s*.

"The Snob." By Walter Emanuel. Illustrated by Cecil Aldin. (Lawrence and Bullen.) 3*s*. 6*d*.

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RULES.

1. No competitor to send in more than six photographs, which must be mounted.
2. In every case a stamped addressed wrapper must be enclosed for the return of the photographs.
3. Acknowledgment will be made in THE GRAPHIC week by week of all photographs received.
4. Photographs will be received any time up to November 1, 1904.
5. The name and address of the sender and the title of the subject should be legibly written on the back of each photograph.
6. Photographs may represent either figures, land or sea scapes, animals, architecture, &c.
7. Every endeavour will be made to return unused photographs, but the Manager will not hold himself responsible for loss or damage.
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